

The Sketch

No. 866.—Vol. LXVII.

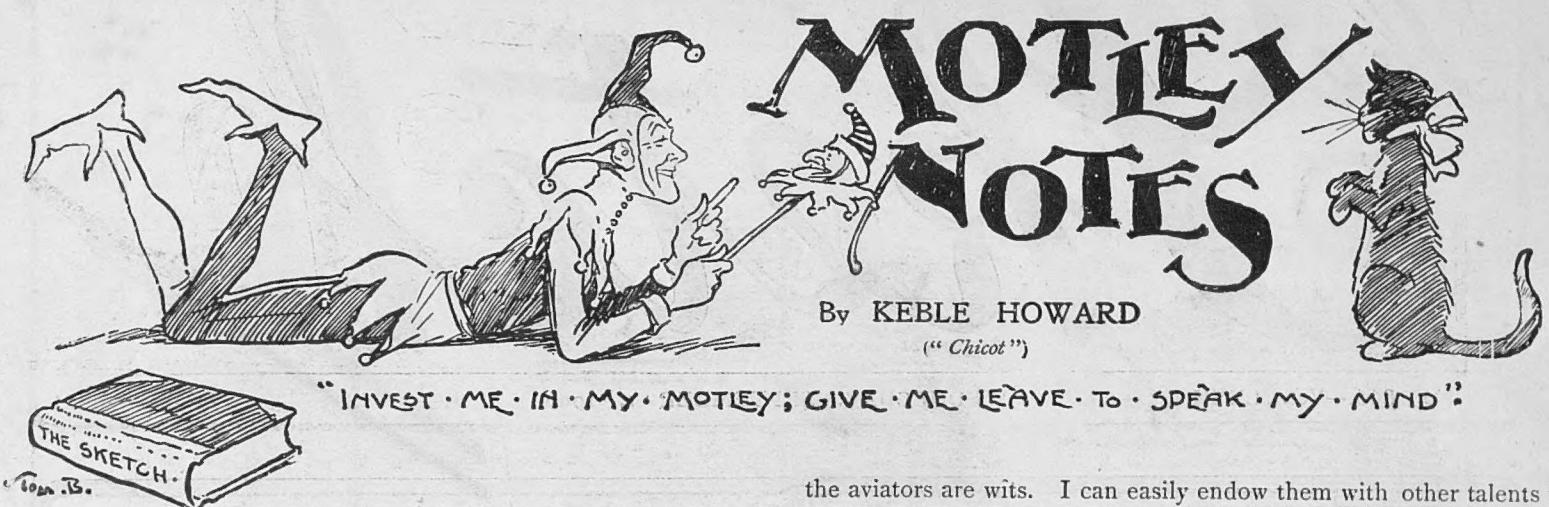
WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1909.

SIXPENCE.



THE ENGLISH RAFFLES AS THE FRENCH RAFFLES: MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS THE DUC DE CHARMERACE
IN "ARSÈNE LUPIN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

"Arsène Lupin" is a person whose character suggests Raffles (the English gentleman-burglar exploited by Mr. Hornung) and that most famous of French thieves, Louis Dominique Cartuche. It is therefore only fitting that Mr. Du Maurier should appear as "Lupin" in MM. Francis de Croisset and Maurice Leblanc's play, for it was he who created Raffles in the play of that name.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]



RHAPSODIC REAMS.

WORLD'S RECORDS EVERY TEN MINUTES.

TWO DEATHS FROM JOY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

I have now been here nearly a week; and, as you will see in a minute, my enthusiasm for the majestic art of aviation is still unabated. In fact, if I remain another week at Rheims, I shall probably go mad. Then, perhaps, my Editor will be satisfied.

Ten o'clock.—The air is so thick with aeroplanes that you cannot see the sky at all. They go buzzing about in all directions, like winged elephants. One feels that it is the privilege of a lifetime to be all amongst them.

I look about me in search of spicy copy. I see Paulhan putting on his boots. He laces them rapidly, in the manner of a master. There is no faltering. Like all aviators, whatever this man touches he adorns. (Would that it were so in Fleet Street! I should be a sort of Apollo!)

I approach him. He beams at me. He is very glad that I have approached him, and I am glad that he is glad. We are all glad. You are glad. They are glad.

A TALK WITH PAULHAN.

"Well," I begin, "are you going to be a good flyer to-day?" He grips my hand as though he had known me all his life. Doubtless, he feels as though he had known me for many, many years. That is the effect I have upon people. It is eminently gratifying. I drop a tear on the hand of this splendid fellow.

"I hope so," he says. This is important. I make a note of it whilst he cleans his teeth. Then the conversation continues. "Will you," I suggest, "take up plenty of petrol?" He thanks me for the reminder, and gives a direction to an assistant. One feels that one has helped.

"When you are flying," I ask him, "do you feel as though you were a bird?" "I do." "Tame or wild?" "Tame when I go up; wild when I come down." I appreciate the epigram and roar with laughter. The man is a wit. (In reality, I am the wit, for I invented that bit. No matter. To labour is to pray.)

"I wish," he says suddenly, "that I had eyes like a bird." "You have," I tell him kindly. He shakes his head, very mournfully. A moment later, he is soaring a couple of thousand feet over my head. I am astonished, inexpressibly shocked, bafflingly bewildered. I dash across to the buffet to send off my stuff.

GLIMPSES OF OTHER FLYERS.

Now I am back again, much refreshed. My brain teems with adjectives. I could do you a brilliant column about almost anything. But I must restrain my genius. I am at Rheims. It must be all aeroplanes, every day until they take me to the asylum.

Let me show you Blériot. There he is, with his feet on one aeroplane and his head on another. What a man! What a flyer! His dress is all in one piece. This makes him look rather like a clown, but it would be indiscreet to say so. They would certainly cut it out at the office. The public expect their flying-men to look like gods and behave as such. Dear old public!

I approach Blériot. It seems wrong that this strong fellow should be idle, even for a second. He shall talk to me for the paper.

"What do you think about when you are flying?" I ask. "Je ne pense pas," he replies, slangily. This man, too, is a wit. All

the aviators are wits. I can easily endow them with other talents if the office wants it.

Anzani comes up. He wants to be in it. He is smiling, which is very nice for him. "Well?" I say encouragingly. "Yes," he replies, and returns to his winged monster. (Note.—To think out something a little less hackneyed than winged monster.)

Our conversation is drowned by a violent noise. I duck my head instinctively. (You never know when you may get your napper taken off in this rotten place.) But it is only Curtiss, the American, winding his Waterbury.

I ask Blériot what he thinks of Curtiss. He tells me to put that question to the Wright brothers, and laughs shortly. I hurry in search of the Wright brothers, only to find that they have been in the air for an hour past, chasing swallows.

LATHAM BREAKS THE RECORD.

In the buffet, to which I have now returned with more copy, I find Latham. He is eating a ham sandwich, this ruthless young flyer. I slap him on the back genially. He coughs, but says nothing.

A storm is brewing out yonder. Great clouds are gathering, much greater clouds than you ever see in England. The plain is darker than when the sun is on it. At Rheims, one becomes very knowing about the weather. I feel that it may rain.

Thunder rolls. Lightning zigzags. This is Latham's chance. He will get the upper airs all to himself. Even the swallows have gone home, frightfully angry with the Wrights.

Without a word, Latham finishes off his sandwiches and jumps into his monoplane. We stand watching him. Nothing daunts us. We know that he may come crashing through the roof of the buffet, but we stay where we are. I feel that this is the greatest moment of a very great life. Perhaps the greatest moment that the world has ever known. In an hour I may be mad. Who knows?

Latham is an awfully long way up. He must be, for I can't see him at all, and the bar-tender saw him pierce a cloud whilst I was busy. The mind staggers at the thought that that man is alone up there, so far, so very far from the buffet.

Still he flies . . . and flies . . . and flies. He has been flying so long now that everybody has lost count, and the judges have decided that he will have to begin all over again when he comes down. They say that Wilbur Wright is throwing seven fits a minute behind one of the sheds. I run to look, but am too late. He is having his lunch, this bird-man. Still, one can see from the state of his clothes that he has been throwing a fit or two.

LATHAM DESCENDS.

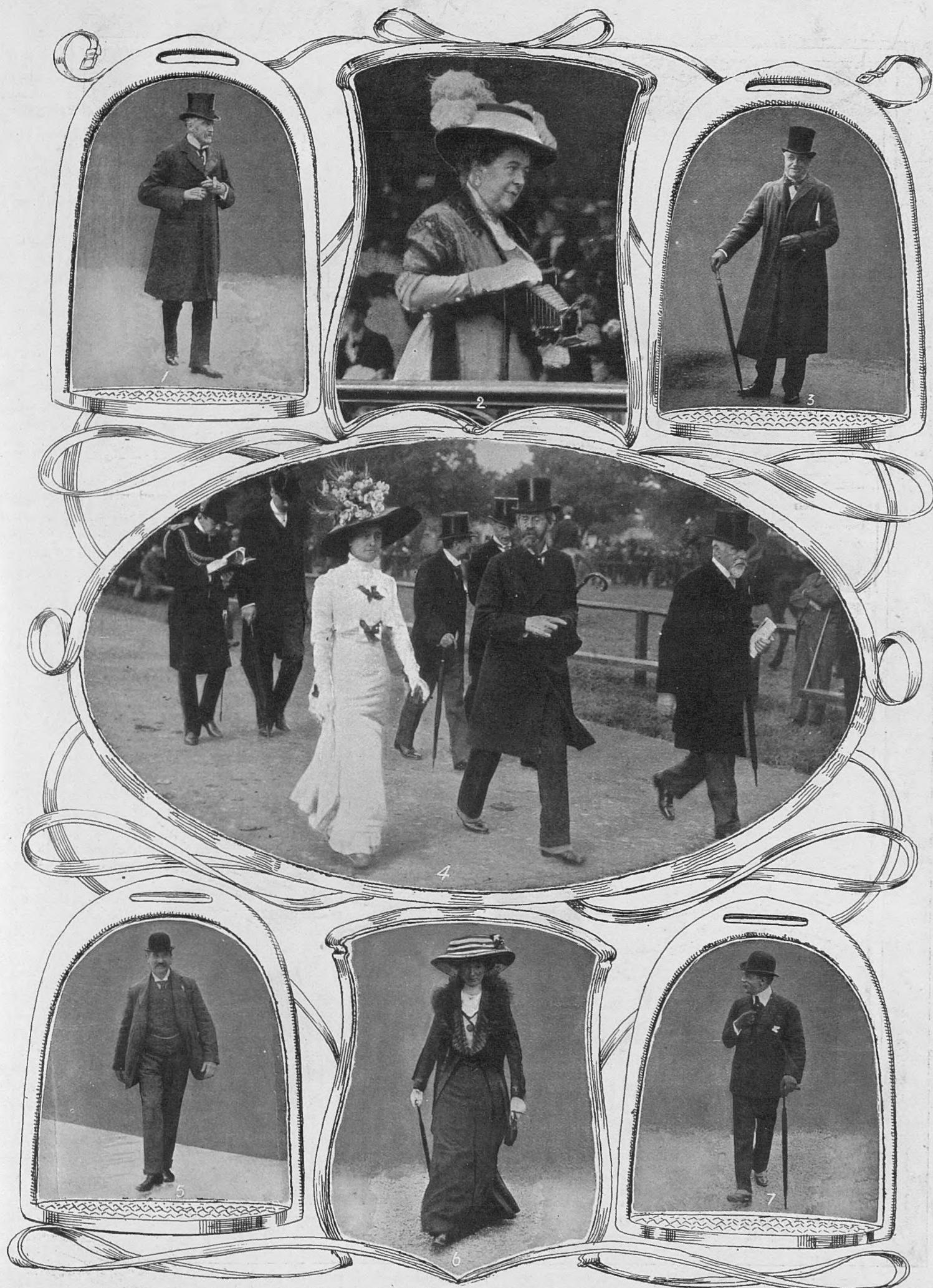
At midnight Latham descends. He has been flying simply for hours and hours. "Too long," the judges say, and disqualify him. When the news circulates, the women wake up and weep.

I am the first to greet him as he touches earth. He has become so involved with his machine that we can hardly disentangle them. His eyes are red. His nose is blue. He has lost eleven teeth. Nearly all his hair is gone. One ear hangs by a thread. But he gives us the same old boyish smile of welcome, and lights a couple of cigarettes.

A tempest of acclamation arises. He is surrounded by four thousand reporters, plying him with important questions. "Did you feel old?" "What about breakfast in the morning?" I, for my part, ask no questions. I know a trick worth two of that.

Presently Latham swoons, and thus another happy day draws to a grandly joyous conclusion.

DUBLIN HORSE-SHOW: SOCIETY AT THE GREAT EVENT.



1. LORD IVEAGH.

2. LADY ABERDEEN TAKES A SNAPSHOT.

3. LORD COVENTRY.

5. LORD ASHTOWN.

4. LORD ABERDEEN AND PRINCESS COLONNA.

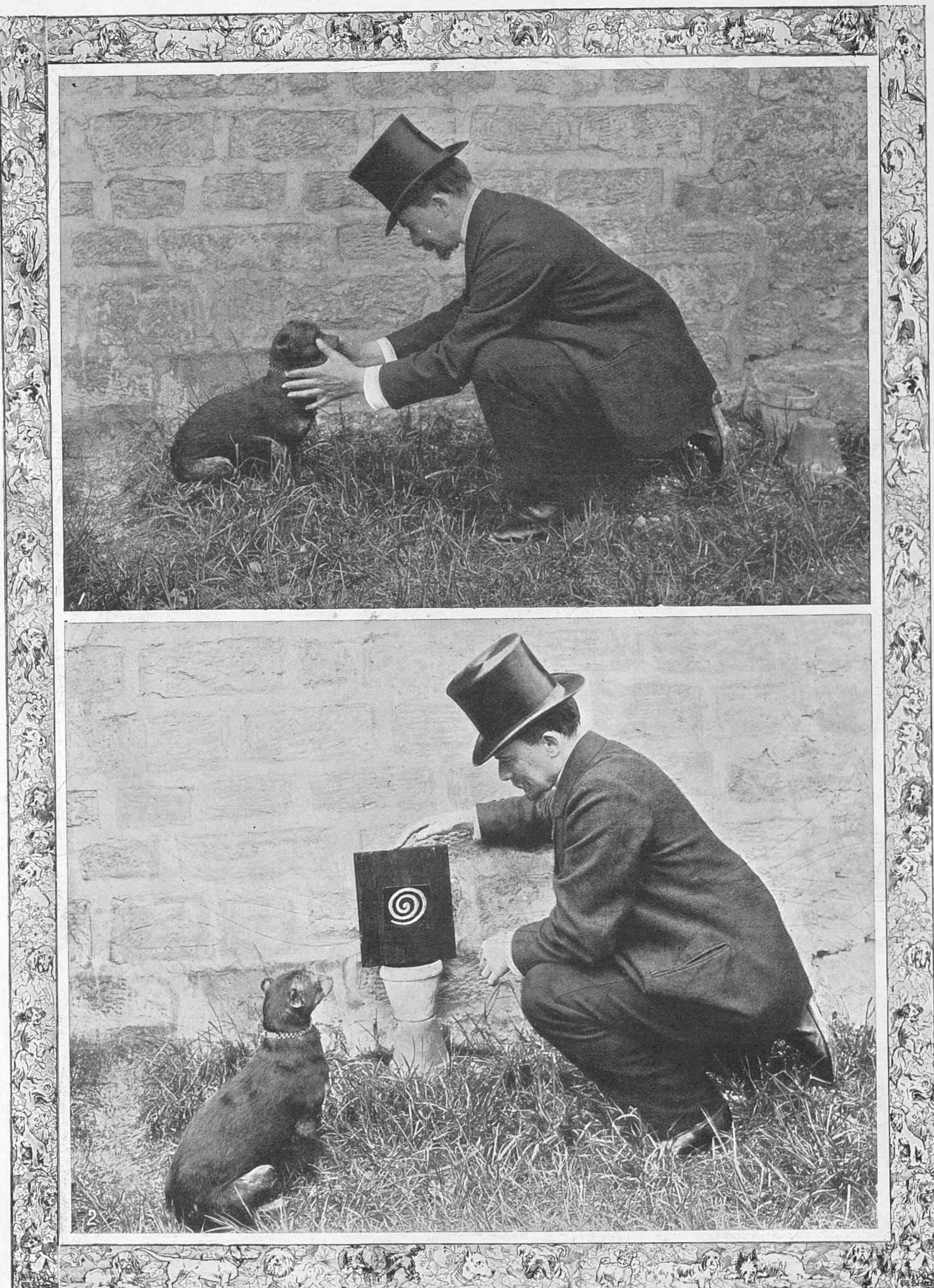
6. LADY POWERSCOURT.

7. LORD POWERSCOURT.

As usual, Dublin Horse Show was attended by very many Society people, and, also as usual, there were many interesting things to see. From a newspaper point of view, the event has been overshadowed, perhaps, by the fact that it took place in Aviation Week. Nevertheless, the old interest in it was maintained.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau, L.N.A., and Halftones.

A HINT FOR THE BURGLAR: MESMERISING A DOG.



1. MESMERISING A DOG BY PASSING THE THUMBS OVER THE BEAST'S FOREHEAD.
2. MESMERISING A DOG BY PLACING A REVOLVING WHITE SPIRAL BEFORE ITS EYES.

Mr. Hachet Soupet claims that he can mesmerise any dog, either by passing his thumbs over the beast's forehead or by causing it to stare at a revolving white spiral. He claims that this proves the intelligence of the dog. Summer burglars will no doubt be pleased at the idea, and we may yet meet the cracksmen who is daring enough to seek to mesmerise a bulldog, preparatory to entering its master's house. We shall be interested to learn the result of such an encounter.

Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.

TWENTY-ONE LAST SUNDAY: A NOTABLE COMING OF AGE.



MISS ROSAMUND GROSVENOR, DAUGHTER OF THE LATE HON. ALGERNON GROSVENOR,
WHO ATTAINED HER MAJORITY ON SUNDAY LAST.

One of the prettiest and most agreeable girls in Society, Miss Rosamund Grosvenor, came of age on Sunday. Miss Grosvenor, who is one of Lord Ebury's nieces, is the only child of the late Hon. Algernon Grosvenor; her mother was a Miss Simeon, and through her maternal grandmother she is nearly related to Lord Colville of Culross.

Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor and her daughter have a country home in Kent, in the neighbourhood of Sevenoaks, and a charming town house in Mayfair.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter. All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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By COSMO HAMILTON

Enthusiasm,
Unadulterated.

go, d'y'see, but choose a moment when an anti-cyclone is sighted. I mean it's one of those places that are useless without the sun. But given the sun, bless you, and a pocketful of money for *petits chevaux*, and a villa at the end of Paramé and the beginning of Rothéneuf, and a Breton person who understands the whole art of spring onions in an omelette, and life there may be made a quite charmin' episode. It's a seaside place. But—there's a but—it's a seaside place with a sea, and great stretches of golden sand, so soft to the feet; with a sky-line made by the odd and uneven villas that amble higgledy-piggledy along the front—not in the old, hideous Georgian terraces of Brighton and Eastbourne, that give one a monumental hump; with hot water served up in the bathing-cabins, a really thoughtful institution; a most delightful old town cramped up between old walls; a Casino where quite first-rate opera-bouffe companies come and warble, accompanied by one of the best bands I know, and where you can make money at the tables by accident, and lose it all and more by a system.

Backish—Doocid I'll own to you frankly that be-
Backish. fore you get thoroughly fond of the place, and its magnificent bay and old forts on jagged rocks, and so forth, you have to see and forget quickly all the Paramé part of it that lies behind the front. Because it's—well, backish, horribly and amazingly backish. There is one long, cranky road, all yellow, with heights and hills and hollows, and piebald trees, and odd bits of waste land with broken-down fences and shabby walls, and notice-boards "To be let or sold," and the family wash blatantly displayed, and a bankrupt-lookin' lot of houses round the station, and a more than common dirty station at that. And everywhere there are fir poles at drunken angles doin' service for telegraph and telephone purposes that give an appearance of unsteadiness to the landscape. Once get over these things—and the sun gives even them a touch of poetry—and all is well. For the front itself is particularly charmin', in its own perfectly characteristic way. From the vil-las—all different, all jolly, all stone, all

St. Malo is worth it. I give you my word that St. Malo is worth it. If you don't know it,

ugly nicely—come, between seven and half-past eleven in the mornin', a continual stream of utterly unaffected souls in bathin'-things, who amble down to the wall, tip-tip down the stone stairs to the sands, and run, rush, tear, walk, hobble, and hop to the sea—father, bold and bearded and bow-windowed; mother, with several striking grievances; and children of all ages, shapes, and sizes; and all—old, middle-aged, youngish, young, and unfledged—bent on one thing: to get all the joy out of life that there is in it, and go in, not stand outside, the sea. All along the sand the eye catches little mountains of peignoirs and little heaps of shoes. Really, it's *most* cheery, oh, but *most* cheery. And from the cabins, for those people who don't live near enough to the sea to walk out of their villas, there is the same hum of life. In and out run nice little women and their males, who trip and stalk through a jabberin' crowd to the water, and, once in, splash and joke and splutter for half an hour. No appallin' niggers, no ghastly funny Cockney troupes who murder the Follies' songs and sing nasally about "Thou little summer rose," and so forth, as in England. No notices signed by the local Bumble; no immodest dividin'-line. All is simple, unaffected, homely, cheery, and natural. In a word, French.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN HAT: MISS EVIE SMEED, THE ANGLO-GERMAN ACTRESS, AND THE REMARKABLE CREATION SHE MADE FOR HER OWN WEAR.

Sunday. There is nothin' like it anywhere else, not even in France—that charmin' France. The regimental band plays at four o'clock, and you and all the world camp round the little tables on the cobblestones. And under the old walls, a stone's-throw from the kind old, mellow Cathedral, you see the Breton small farmer and his wife and hands, all in their Sunday black, caps queer and spotless, aprons bordered with black velvet, hair burnt and plastered down—sittin' after their week's work, havin' duly been to Mass and fed heavily al-fresco, watchin' life. And life it is, b'Jove! Above the tinkle of the glasses, the noise of waiters, the shufflin' of feet, the buzz of talk and laughter, there's the blare of brass, and sometimes the rival squeak of fiddles from *cafés chantants*. Colour and movement everywhere, against a background grey with age, under a sky specklessly blue. Ah, but so, so charm-in' and cheery, and different and healthy, and simple and amusin'! On my word, worth it—well worth it. What? Or, to be makin' the picture, *quoi?*

Colour—that's the And then the town, bless you, Word. on all afternoons,

but especially the afternoon of



WINNER OF A BEAUTY COMPETITION IN PARIS:
Mlle. DESCHAMPS.

Mlle. Deschamps won a recent beauty competition held in Paris, taking the first prize in the face of a number of competitors.



ACTRESS AND DOCTOR TOO: MISS LILIAN GRAHAM. It is reported that Miss Graham, who is both actress and doctor, has been appointed official medical attendant to the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, in succession to Mme. Bres.

THE CLUBMAN

A Clubman's Woes in August.

Christmas approaches, I each year consider the question of reducing the number of my subscriptions, and each year I put off for another twelve months the difficult matter of weeding out clubs, each one of which is of some particular use to me. The total of my Christmas-boxes to club servants comes to a good round sum, which I do not regret, for nowhere in the world does a man get such skilled and willing service as he does in a London club. But I find myself, at the end of August, practically without a club to go to. I belong to two clubs whose boast is that they never close their doors against their members; but the Committee of each of these has chosen this August partially to dismantle the club for cleansing and redecoration. In one the very comfortable smoking-lounge where I am accustomed to take my coffee and liqueur after lunch is now in the occupation of a crowd of workmen, and a miniature steam-engine pulsates and rattles under the dining-room windows. In the other, the dining-room is closed and the members picnic at meal-times amidst the newspapers and magazines of the morning-room.

In Another Man's House.

Another club is about to change its premises, and is therefore much in the state of a private house when its owner is moving, and a fourth club is closed and its members are being hospitably entertained by the members of a club run on very much the same lines, who, in their turn, come to us as guests when, at the end of this week, their club closes. A fifth club, which does not exchange courtesies with any other club, has closed for a fortnight to give its servants a holiday. To make my list complete, I belong to a sixth club, a very small one, all the members of which are away taking "cures" or shooting grouse, and the hall-porter of which suffers from shock if any member passes into its deserted rooms in August. The club-house where one of my clubs is being entertained is, of course, the club where I should have made my home. The members are as like the members of my club as one bowl of peas is like another; the rooms are very pleasant ones, the servants quiet and deferential, the food and the cellar admirable; but I always feel that I am in another man's house, and that I am there on sufferance. No doubt it is ungrateful to have the sensation that one bowl of peas does not appreciate being filled up from the other bowl of peas; but

my presence in another man's club I always feel to be an intrusion, warrantable though it be, and I should like to apologise to the hall-porter each time I pass his desk. I am like a lady with

I probably belong to as many clubs as the average man of my kind does. When

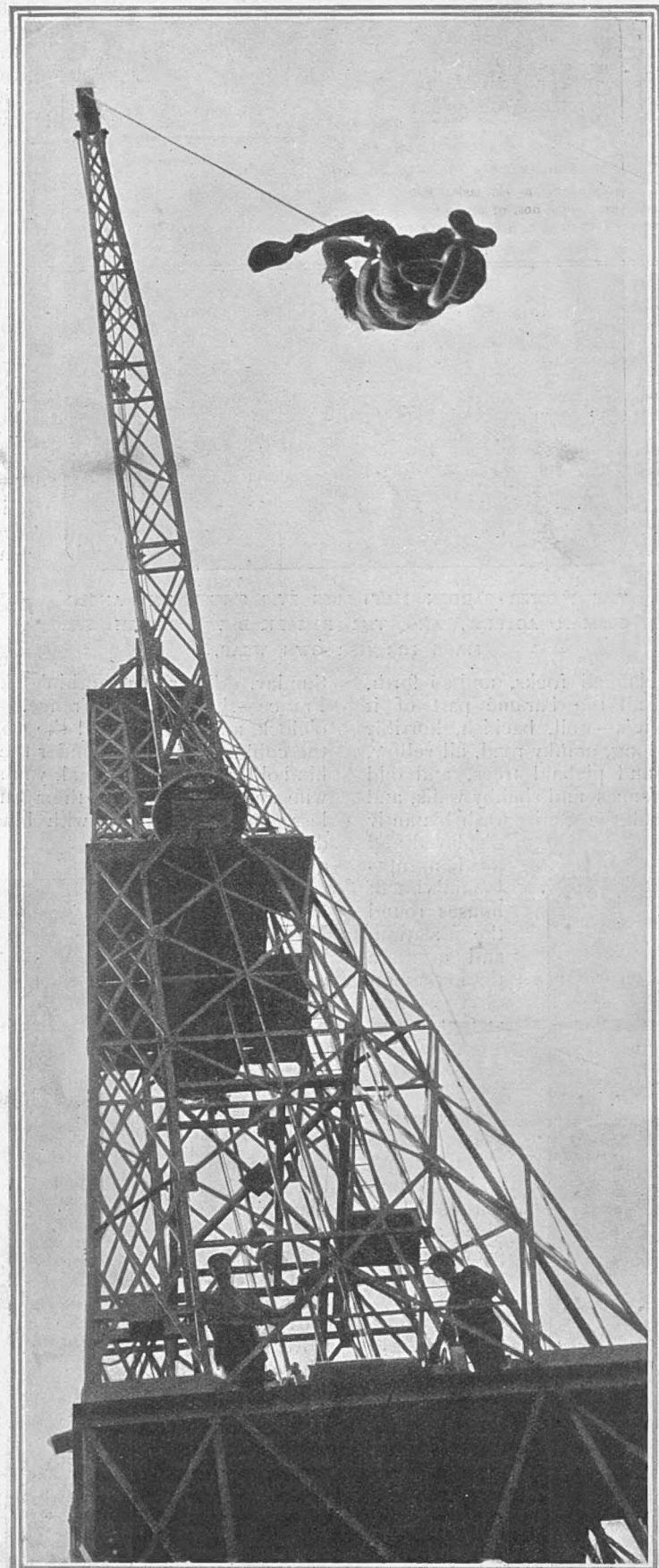
garde-robés full of dresses who protests that she has nothing to wear.

A Seasonable Warning. Mr. Haldane has caused a firm to be struck off the list of War Department contractors because that firm discharged one of their employés for attending without leave a day's training on a Saturday as an infantry Reservist. The warning to other firms who benefit by orders from the Government is a necessary one. No doubt it is galling to any firm to find at a time when a man's services can ill be spared that he pleads that his duty to his country comes before his duty to his firm. The patriotism of most commercial Englishmen smooths away these difficulties; but where this is not the case I have always thought that the list of contractors for all Government departments should be used as a whip. It appears to me to be reasonable that no firm which does not allow a certain percentage of its employés to join the Territorials if they wish to, and encourage them to do so, should be allowed to come on to any Government list of contractors.

French Criticism of the Territorials. Never has any military training been the cause of so many newspaper and magazine articles as has been the case of the Territorial fortnight. No French magazine has been published in the last ten days without an article by some distinguished General on England's new Army. The conclusion they all come to is the same: that, given the continuance of the enthusiasm which has been shown this year, the infantry will develop into a very useful arm, but that the problems connected with the artillery require a fresh consideration.

James de la Pluche as a Soldier.

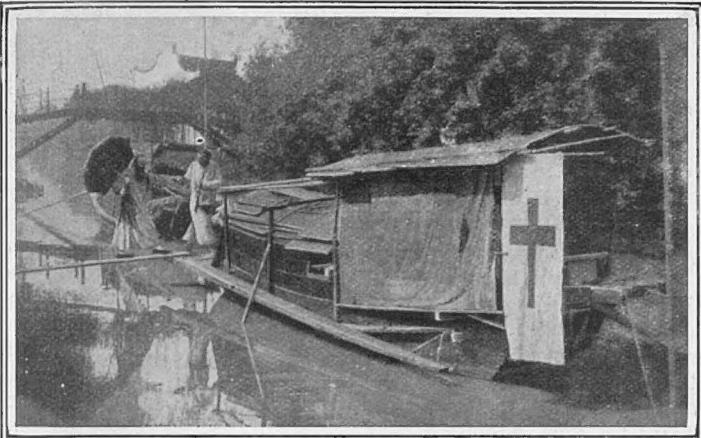
One quite satisfactory item in the reports on the Territorials has been the praise given to the companies of shop assistants. The training of the stalwart young fellows behind the counter has, when they are not in camp, to be done during later hours than those during which the great mass of the Territorials can attend; but, this difficulty surmounted, they have proved themselves excellent soldiers. One stratum of muscular manhood has not been tapped as yet. Why should there not be companies of footmen, in or out of powder? The footman originally was a fighting man, the guard that surrounded the carriage of an Ambassador or a great nobleman. In Stuart days they fought fiercely, generally over some matter concerning precedence. Why should they not be trained to fight again? It might soften the hearts of the ladies of title who are their employers if they considered that military exercises develop the calves.



ON HIS WAY TO WORK: LABOUR VERY MUCH IN THE AIR.—
CARRIED ALOFT BY AN ELECTRIC CRANE.

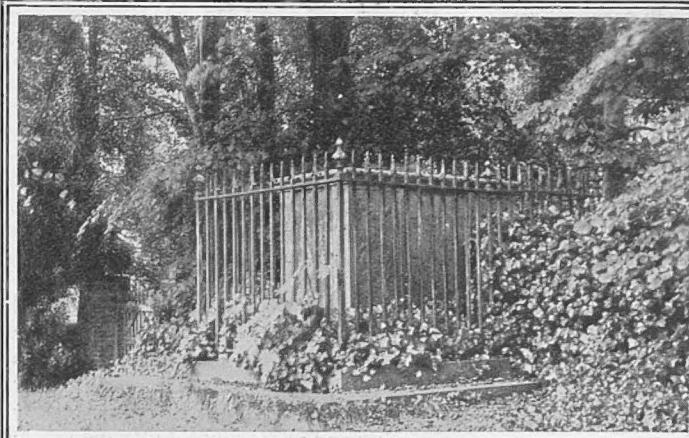
Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE "VICARAGE": A CHINESE MISSIONARY'S JUNK.

The missionary who seeks to convert the Chinese has by no means an easy task. He has a very old religion to combat, many natural difficulties, and a host of prejudices hallowed by time. Nevertheless, he does useful work, if only as a medical man.

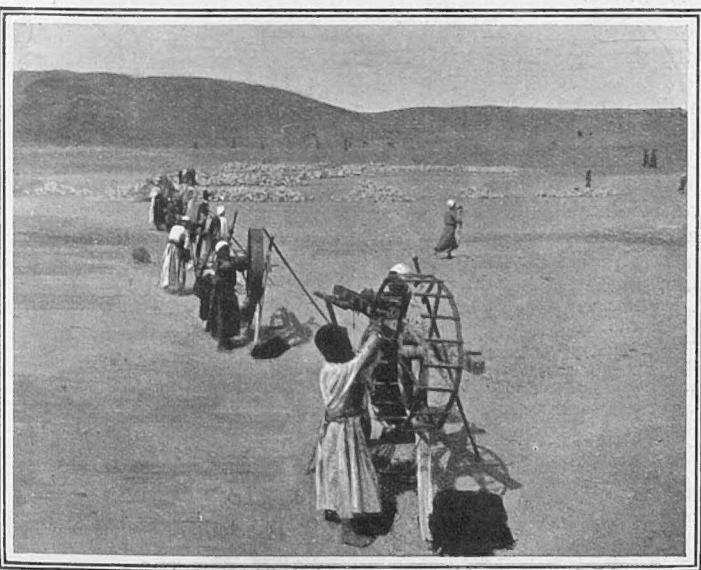
*Photograph by F. Lumbers.*

BURIED TOGETHER: AN EARL AND HIS DOG IN ONE GRAVE. The tomb of this Earl of Lanesborough, at Swithland, Leicester, was built partly within and partly without the churchyard, that the Earl and his favourite dog might be buried in the same grave, and the man still be in consecrated ground.



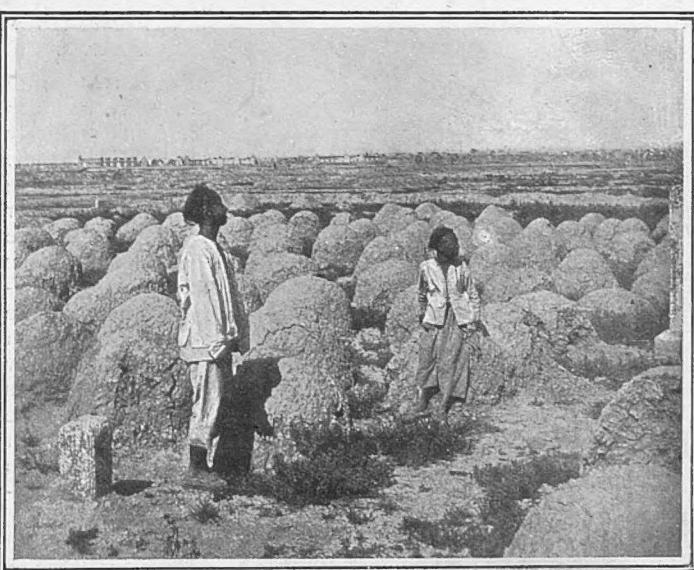
NOT MOUNTAIN SCENERY; MERELY BURNED SAWDUST.

Our photograph shows a great heap of sawdust from a mill in a Vermont spruce tract, after it had been visited by fire. The fire in question burned for over three years.



SPINNING COTTON IN THE OPEN: NATIVE BOYS AT WORK IN EGYPT. It takes two to run each spinning-wheel. A glance at the third wheel will show the method. The one drawing out the thread is seen walking away. In due time he will face about and walk towards the wheel, letting the spindle wind up the thread he has drawn out. This process he will repeat until the spindle is full.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company.



LIKE A COLONY OF ANT-HILLS: A CHINESE BURIAL-GROUND. Our photograph shows a cemetery near Tientsin. Much care is taken in the choice of a site for the grave, and if any report detrimental to the deceased be proved to be a truth, between the death and the date of burial, the plans for the burial may be suddenly upset. Once the body has been buried, however, the grave become sacred.

Photograph by the Keystone View Company.



AN AUTUMN BRIDE: MISS CLARE CHARTERIS.

The engagement of Miss Clare Charteris to Captain Drury-Lowe, R.N., is interesting to two great noble clans. Through her mother the bride-elect is closely related to Lord Albemarle, while her father, the late Captain the Hon. Frederic Charteris, was a brother of the Earl of Wemyss.

Photograph by Thomson.

headache follows a night spent among unaccustomed curtains, brocades, and ghosts, there is, for certain, a remedy to be found in the old-fashioned herbaceous garden that smiles beneath your chamber-window.

Miss Edwin Ashley. The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley may

indeed be said to have been born in the political purple. Her paternal grandfather had a long and distinguished political career, and her father, though only just over forty, is an accomplished Parliamentarian. As her curious Christian name implies, Miss Ashley is a goddaughter of the King. His Majesty highly values the friendship of Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley's father, Sir Ernest Cassel, and this eight-year-old goddaughter of our Sovereign is Sir Ernest's eldest grandchild.

Viscountess Castlereagh. The wife of Lord Londonderry's only son and heir is called upon to play a great rôle in twentieth-century society, and Lady Castlereagh, by birth, breeding, and instinct, is admirably fitted for her position. As niece of the Duke of Sutherland, she was much at Stafford House, and through her father, Mr. Henry Chaplin, most redoubtable of Fair Trade stalwarts, the future Lady Londonderry is familiar with the political world in all its aspects and phases.



THE WIFE OF LORD LONDONDERRY'S HEIR:
VISCOUNTESS CASTLEREAGH.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

SMALL TALK

MR. Samuel Hoare's engagement to Lady Maud Lygon links many tastes and possessions, for Sir Samuel's son has given his mind as much to the things that loom large to a Lygon as to those that fill the lives and ledgers of the Hoares and Barclays. Lady Maud is Lord Beauchamp's half-sister, so that moated Madresfield, with its books and its hostess, Lady Beauchamp — who was before marriage Lady Lettice Grosvenor — are her familiars. Madresfield is one of those rare "show" places which are also good to live in; and even if a four-poster

who has a sweet, sunny nature, is much beloved in Athens, and has won the affection and respect of all her husband's relations.

"*My Beautiful Black Lady.*" When, in 1881, taking a studio in Tite Street, Whistler planned to paint "all the fashionables." But they none of them fell in with his plan, until Lady Meux had the courage—heroism, the master's biographer calls it—to give a commission. She was as pleased with the result as Whistler himself, who called the portrait his "beautiful Black Lady," and a second picture



SAYD TO HAVE DISCOVERED A NEW STAR: PRINCESS GEORGE OF GREECE.

According to a French paper, Princess George of Greece, well known as a clever astronomer, has discovered a new star, which emits a brilliant light for some time and then becomes temporarily extinct.

was made. Not until the third did the inevitable squabble take place. According to Mr. Harper Pennington, it was the only occasion on which the Butterfly was at a loss for a repartee, and it happened this way. The Master was flippant, and even rude, to his beautiful sitter. Offended, her Ladyship turned towards him and remarked, with the smoothest manner and the softest voice, "See here, Jimmy Whistler. You keep a civil tongue in that head of yours, or I will have in someone to finish those portraits you made of me." The threat of another hand being put to work upon his masterpieces stupefied the painter, and he could only stamp and rage, without finding a single witty word. The sittings ended from that day.

Theobalds. It is difficult to associate indisposition with the most robust and blooming of Whistler's sitters, and Lady Meux's illness was all the more surprising on account of the vitality she has so recently shown, whether in her motor or in the distribution of her chosen political tracts. Granted illness was to overtake her — how-

ever swift her car — she would not have chosen otherwise than to be at her favourite Theobald's Park. There she has Temple Bar, carried bodily from London; and a suite of rooms named after crowned heads.

LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON.

Among younger Scottish hostesses Lady Grizel Hamilton has a naturally important place, for her father-in-law, Lord Belhaven, is a great Scots peer, and her husband bears the fine old title of "Master." The daughter of a famous soldier — Lord Dundonald — Lady Grizel on her marriage, five years ago, "followed the drum" to India. But the Master of Belhaven is an only child, and soon the young couple came home again.



GRANDDAUGHTER OF SIR ERNEST CASSEL: MISS EDWINA ASHLEY.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF LORD BELHAVEN:

LADY GRIZEL HAMILTON.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

THE OIL-KING AND TARRYTOWN: MR. ROCKEFELLER'S NEW HOME.

THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE'S HOUSE AT POCANTICO HILLS.



1. MRS. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S BED-ROOM.

3. THE DINING-ROOM.

5. THE MUSIC-ROOM, SHOWING THE PIPE ORGAN.

2. MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S BED-ROOM.

4. THE EXTERIOR OF THE HOUSE.

6. MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

We illustrate the new home of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the Oil King, at Pocantico Hills, near Tarrytown, New York. There Mr. Rockefeller owns an estate of some 5000 acres. Tarrytown is the burial-place of Washington Irving, and the scene of his story, "Sleepy Hollow."—[Photographs by F. R. Johnson.]



MISS ISABEL MASTERS, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR G. N. CARTWRIGHT TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Miss Masters is the second daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Masters, and Mrs. Masters, of Lanefay Hall, Llanfryntant.

Photograph by Kate Praenell.

too, that it produced that union of feeling among listeners "which I most desire to produce in every walk of life." These are words his Majesty may have remembered when, the other day, sitting in the Austrian town of Marienbad, he despatched his French friend, M. Jean de Reszke, to compliment a Bohemian conductor on the performance by his band of music by the master-German Wagner. It was only another lesson in amicable internationalism.

Grey and Gout.

So the Duke of Northumberland clings to the shooting rights round

landlords might have been the butt of the baronet; but that the host of Alnwick is not in need of the lecture is his own firm opinion, and also the opinion of the Duchess, who is a Campbell, and a past-mistress of the domestic economies that do not preclude, however, the domestic virtues of charity and hospitality.

Coat Tales.

Sir Henry Norman naturally carried Mr. Lloyd-George to Rheims when there was question of a mutual holiday-ground, for Sir Henry has a soul steeped in petrol, and motors, whether they run along the road or fly high in the air, are the things that catch his heart and eye. Sir Henry is fifty-one in a few days' time, but hardly looks it; nor does he bear the evidences of the carking cares of Budget business of which he recently com-

plained to a correspondent: "Six weeks ago, I ordered a

suit of clothes; I have not yet gone to the tailor's for a fitting," he wrote. Sir Henry, however, maintains an unruffled brow and unbaggled trouser-knees. If anything of late has pleased him more than Rheims, it is that he was able, on behalf of the Budget League, to pour coals of fire on Mr. Balfour's head by providing him with a hall in which to make his anti-Budget speech in Birmingham next week.

LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON, WHO HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN, WHO HAS GIVEN BIRTH TO A SON.

Lady Rosslyn is a daughter of Mr. Eric Bayley, of Little Moyle, Co. Carlow.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

neighbour, and a neighbour who has had opportunities of enjoying the hospitalities of Alnwick, that he does not care to make this or that petty economy. And the Duke has gout, and he has, too, the knowledge that he is not an "expensive" man. Alnwick, of course, is magnificent—as solid as a Norman cathedral externally, and as gay and gilded as a Jesuit church within; but any other Duke of Northumberland is more to blame, or to praise, for its richness than the present one. The first Duke was the spendthrift. Of him Horace Walpole says that he cares for nothing unless it costs; and, describing the Northumberland ménage of that day, he writes: "They live by the etiquette of the old peerage, have Swiss porters, the Duchess her pipers—in short, they will soon have no estate."

The Percies' Much of the splendour of Alnwick is due, of course, to Purse. more recent holders of the dukedom, and there are Northumberland workmen who remember the days when they were never out of a "job"—but may now never be in one, the Duke thinks, if Sir Edward's counsels prevail. Divers

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS.



MAJOR G. N. CARTWRIGHT, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS ISABEL MASTERS TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY).

Major Cartwright, of the Royal Field Artillery, is the elder son of Captain R. N. Cartwright, of Ixworth Abbey, Suffolk.

Photograph by Henderson.



MRS. DAVID CORRIGAN (FORMERLY MISS MARGARET JOYCE WRIGHT) WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE ON MONDAY LAST.

Mrs. Corrigan is a daughter of Mr. Frederick Wright, J.P., and Mrs. Wright, of Mount Hooton House, Nottingham. Dr. David R. G. Corrigan is of Malahide, Co. Dublin.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A GREAT LADY FROM AUSTRIA: THE BARONESS BORN, WHO HAS BEEN IN LONDON FOR THE SEASON.
The Baron has a fine place in Austria, Schloss St. Katharina, near Neumarkt.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower does not go to Dresden to acquire Dresden figures, and learn her other lessons, until her brother's coming-of-age celebrations have run nearly the whole of their lengthy course. With her will go her cousin, Lady Enid Fane, and Dresden is likely to be taught to appreciate the charm and intelligence of English girlhood, whatever it may have to give in return. Lady Rosemary is the only daughter of Stafford House, and it was she, when she was younger, who said, on being told that the lease of the palace of the Sutherlands had not a great many years to run—"Oh, but that will be fun: we shall move into one of those cottage houses in Grosvenor Square."

MAN AS HE WAS: POSING FOR A PLAQUE.



AN UNWILLING SITTER: THE MODEL MONKEY.

The monkey is quite a man—or a woman—of fashion nowadays. He is received in Society if he be a music-hall artiste, and in the music-hall itself is a most popular "turn."

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

D.E.S. (Monotone)

Mr. Charlie Hawtrey and the Doom of Tragedy.

According to Mr. Charlie Hawtrey the Muse Melpomene is dead, or, at least, dying. In talking the other day to a newspaper man he said, "I would even assert that the days of tragedy are over, and we shall never again see another great English tragedian. For this the altered conditions of English life, revealing as they do a growing antagonism to seriousness at the playhouse, are responsible." He has no word of regret to utter—indeed, he says by way of preface, "the wish being father to the thought." This is not strange, seeing that, according to him, lovers of tragedy are poor creatures. This is how he describes them: "In the old days people of a vegetating turn of mind loved to witness plays of a grief-producing order, finding in them a stimulating contrast to the dullness and evenness of their humdrum lives." "Dear old Charlie"—I hope I am not too familiar in employing a phrase so often used concerning him—is certainly not one of the "people of a vegetating turn of mind," so of course he has no desire for tragedy. The subject of his talk was his change of plans, for he has abandoned the five years' campaign at the Royalty, which he began a little while ago with a flourish of trumpets and "The Noble Spaniard," and ended with Mr. Arnold Bennett's play "What the Public Wants." One guesses that he has given up the theatre (and is going to the Halls) because neither of these two pieces formed "a bright, joyous, and diverting entertainment"—the phrase by which he describes his ideal—and Mr. Hawtrey's store of plays has run out. Certainly, when I first saw Mr. Arnold Bennett's piece it did give "a bright, joyous, diverting entertainment," but that was on the occasion of its presentation by the Stage Society, with Mr. James Hearn acting splendidly in the chief part, and full justice was done to the play; at the Royalty Theatre a remarkably good piece was spoilt. Of course, Mr. Hawtrey is a very clever actor—there is no better in his line—but the character of the newspaper-proprietor was out of his line. Indeed, the whole affair was an instance of the vice of the actor-manager system, which has been responsible for the ruin of many plays.

Mr. Hawtrey as Peter Pan.

The truth seems to be that the popular light comedian has the gift of eternal youth, so far as physique and spirits go, and has to pay the price by being a kind of Peter Pan who never grows up. He

Modern "Grief- Producers."

Since the time when his ideas crystallised, we have had a steadily increasing quantity of "grief-producing" plays. The last few years have seen an unprecedented series of revivals of Shakespeare's tragedies, have witnessed such productions as "The Virgin Goddess," "Attila," "Hannele," quite a mass of Greek tragedy in English, "Deirdre," "The Prayer of the Sword," and other tragedies in strict form. Since this century began there has been a flood of "grief-producing" pieces—not tragedies, strictly speaking—such as the works of Mr. Granville Barker, Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. John Masefield, to name only three of the younger dramatists. But all the lovers of these tragedies are tarred by "dear old Charlie" with the same brush as "people of a vegetating turn of mind"; and so, too, the admirers of the serious work of Sir Arthur Pinero. Even Mr. Maugham, adaptor of "The Noble Spaniard," the bright, joyous, diverting entertainment with which Mr. Hawtrey began his brief campaign, hardly escapes, for he wrote "A Man of Honour," which, from the Hawtrey point of view, is a most pestiferous work, much admired by the "people of a vegetating turn of mind"; but Mr. Maugham has repented, and now shuns the grief-productive pieces; and yet his repentance has been grief-productive, for it has caused sorrow to those who admired his early, sincere drama, even if it brings joy to "dear old Charlie."

"**The Pin and the Pudding,**" written by Mr. Barton

White, and produced by Mr. Harding Cox at the Comedy, there is little to say that has not already been said about the same kind of piece hundreds of times before. It means to be all sorts of admirable things. It seeks to be a moving study of the struggles of the poor but refined who, by tradition, live in Tooting. It seeks to be a poem of a maiden's dreams, a pretty fantasy of love and a villain and a fairy prince. It seeks to be the laying bare of the struggling soul of a clerk who once stole, metaphorically, a pin, and when the pudding is before him, steals that too. Unfortunately, what it happens to be in fact is a very elementary specimen of sentimental melodrama, in which probabilities are defied with unusual recklessness. Every character is stagey, and never once does Mr. Barton White succeed in producing the illusion of life; the one touch of originality being in the character of an elderly solicitor's clerk, and even he was observed, not from life, but from the pages of Dickens. The part was very cleverly played by Mr. Raymond Butler, as was the part of a conventional cad by



IN "THE DEVIL" ON TOUR: MISS GWENDOLINE LE SAGE.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.



IN A DANCE OF THE PASSIONS: MISS GERTRUDE HAMILTON.

Miss Hamilton is appearing on the music-hall stage in a series of posture dances founded on Collins' "Ode to the Passions."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.]

remains latish-Victorian in soul; he sees that the tragedies and serious plays of his era are dead, and most of the farces too, and shuts his eyes to the existence of modern drama: he fails to see what is going on—or, at least, to understand it.

Mr. Robert Whyte junior; and Mr. Harding Cox and Miss Iris Hoey acted very effectively as the poor clerk and his beautiful daughter. The whole thing was not a work which could expect to be taken very seriously.

A SNATCH OF SHAKESPEARE: "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."



DURING HIS "REST" BEFORE REHEARSALS OF "THE PROUD PRINCE": MR. MATHESON LANG AS PETRUCHIO AND HIS WIFE, MISS HUTIN BRITTON, AS KATHERINE.

During the short "rest" that preceded rehearsals for "The Proud Prince," Mr. Matheson Lang and his wife appeared on the music-hall stage in excerpts from "The Taming of the Shrew." Their "turn" proved very popular. The production of "The Proud Prince" is fixed for September 4, at the Lyceum. The Prince in question is our old friend, Robert of Sicily, famed in verse, and is to be played by Mr. Matheson Lang.

Photograph by Foulsham and Bansfield.

C*

AFTER DINNER

BY ERNEST

A. BRYANT.

Our Saviours. Sir W. S. Gilbert forgot something when giving evidence the other day before the Committee which is considering the Dramatic Censorship. It is all very well, he told the Committee, to read that "Eliza slipped off her dressing-gown and stepped into her bath," but the thing could not be acted on the stage. But Eliza, under other names, does slip off her dressing-gown on many a stage, where she is either an animated statue, emotional dancer, or what not. The thing is that she forgets to hide in the bath which the novelist is considerate enough to provide. Mr. Walkley was right when he said that people in the discussion were taking themselves too seriously. They all overlook the fact that they are in the hands of the bill-stickers. No play can flourish without publicity, and publicity means posters. Well, the Billposters' Association of this country have the last word. They censor the bills which are to go out. They have on more than one occasion put their foot where the play-projector hoped to see their brush. So even if the acknowledged Censor should have to go, the gentlemen with the ladders and the paste-pots will still stick to us.

Barrie in the Balance.

If plays are passed to which one cannot take a lady—and we all, equally with Mr. Walkley, know that this is the case—it is not surprising that there are those who, on quite different grounds from those adopted by certain dramatists, plead, not for the ending, but for the mending of the Censorship. A play to succeed must be good for matinées; and matinées are mainly for picture-hats and their wearers. So the woman playgoer must be considered by the Censor. But then occurs the question as to the soundness of the feminine judgment. Mr. Barrie is not a pioneer dramatist, we have it from learned lips. Is he a pioneer novelist? Certain ladies think so. His "Window in Thrums" was chosen to solace the working hours of a sewing-class near Glasgow a couple of years ago. But the lady office-bearers

were scandalised. Such a course would demoralise their young members, they said. They banned the book, and the last condition was worse than the first, for the dispute smashed the organisation.

The New Crusade. It is against kissing, and Iowa is its home, with a veritable hustler of a professor as its leader. Poets have so delicately sung the joys and virtues of this salutation that it is merciless of the professor to remind us that the kiss is merely a relic of Stone Age courtesy. Of course, let him be as

didactic as he may, he knows no more about the origin of the kiss than the rest of us. We can go no further than an old investigator who summed up the result of his researches with "Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship." But it took different forms. Kissing, as we know it, is unknown in Polynesia, in Madagascar, and among many African tribes. Certain Finnish tribes, among whom both sexes bathe together in a state of complete undress, consider kissing highly improper. Substitutes are nose-to-nose salutation, smacks upon the arms, body, and head, rubbing of the right ear, putting out of the tongue. Nowhere does a handshake or casual "How-d'y-do?" quite satisfy.

A Biting Retort. The American professor gives his devotees labels to hang about their necks bearing the supplication, "Please do not kiss me." In not a few cases the legend would be quite superfluous. Without any such protection the lady of our land has a defence—or, at any rate, a ready means of exacting reparation. We all know that by the law of the land the infliction of an unwanted kiss constitutes a common assault. Moreover, it justifies the committing of another. The point was decided in a case where a certain Mr. Thomas Saverland brought an action against a Miss Charlotte Newton, who had bitten a piece out of his nose when he, by way of joke, attempted to kiss her. Women are so serious. The Judge acquitted the lady, laying it down that "when a man kisses a woman against her will, she is fully entitled to bite his nose, if she so pleases."

"Yes, and eat it up, too, if she has a fancy that way," added counsel in the case.

Chilly Hospitality.

Territorials have complained, and not without reason, of the weather they have had for camp. Well, it might have been worse. Supposing they, like the British Association, had chosen Canada for their annual outing, this is the sort of thing—given winter time, of course—they would have had to face. A party of men are on

their way in mid-December to a settlement on the North Saskatchewan River, and march through a frozen wilderness. A man deposits a sack, the contents of which rattle suggestively, in the sledge containing the supply of forage. "Look here, my man," says one of the officers, "don't put those tent-pegs beside the oats. Their points will work through the bag and make holes in the grain-sacks." "They ain't tent-pegs, Sir," answered the trooper; "they're beef-steaks." And that is just what they were, cut and ready for use on the march, but frozen as hard as iron.

SKATING ON A REVOLVING TUB.



SKATING ON STILT-SKATES.



SKATING ON THE HEAD.



THE DAN LENO AMONG ROLLER-SKATERS: TRICKS BY PROFESSOR DARI.

The professor, who holds the championship of South Africa and Australia for distance, trick, and fancy skating, has performed in India, America, and South Africa, and has been called the "Dan Leno of Roller-Skaters." It is expected that he will be seen in London before very long.

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THE APPEAL TO THE MASTER.



THE CABBY: Say them words again, guvnor; I ain't too old to learn.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



A Prima Donna to the Rescue.

Managers of theatres and opera-houses are often saved from a serious dilemma by the readiness of resource of actors and singers. A striking instance of this occurred in the career of Mme. de Vere Sapiro, one of the most distinguished members of the Moody-Manners Company. She was singing one afternoon at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, when, quite unexpectedly, Mr. Maurice Grau, the director, heard that the artiste who was to sing the First Rhine Maiden in "Das Rheiengold," which was to be given that night, was unable to sing. He went to Mme. de Vere Sapiro and asked her to sing the part for him, and so get him out of a difficulty. Although she did not know and had never seen the music, she consented. She tried the music over at the piano, and, without leaving the building, she got

to get to the man it loved. The audience shuddered with apprehension, thinking that the dog must be terribly burned. The next moment, however, all apprehension vanished, for, as it was necessary that the dog should be on the stage, it was promptly pushed back through a door. On its appearance, quite uninjured—for the fire was not a fire at all, though it looked so real—the whole house roared with laughter, in which the company joined, while a man in the gallery cried: "What price Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego?"

The Flavour of

Ginger-Beer.

Does the judgment of maturer years justify the would-be cleverness of youth? The question is interesting in view of a youthful experience of Mr. Barton White, the author of "The Pin and the Pudding," produced last week at the Comedy. It happened years ago, when he was an actor. He was very young, but he had had a good deal of experience, and had even enjoyed what must have been the remarkable experience of doubling Hamlet and Laertes in a disused ginger-beer factory at Brentwood. A little later he met Miss Genevieve Ward, then in the zenith of her fame, and drove with her to the Lyceum, where she was acting. The long drive from Hampstead to the Lyceum was covered in silence until they reached Baker Street. Believing that Miss Ward was "diffident," as he has expressed it, he determined to relieve her "embarrassment" by a series of witty remarks about the weather. To his surprise, the great actress was silent, and did not



THE NEW MANAGER OF THE SAVOY: MR. C. H. WORKMAN
IN "THE MIKADO."

ready to sing the part behind the scenes while a substitute did the requisite movements on the stage. It was a curious situation, for in consequence of the necessary darkness of the stage, Mme. de Vere Sapiro had to be provided with a candle held for her by an attendant close to the score. And as she could not watch the conductor easily from where she stood and read the music at the same time, a second conductor had to beat for her, taking his time from the real conductor in the orchestra. In spite of all these drawbacks, Mme. de Vere Sapiro made a brilliant success.

Going Through Fire to his Master.

The disastrous way in which the realism of a scene has been ruined, with ludicrous results to the audience, has from time to time been related on this page. Few, if any, of these incidents have, however, been more humorous than one which happened in a play in which Miss Ruth Maitland—who appears in "Mid-Channel," Sir Arthur Pinero's new play, with which Mr. George Alexander reopens the St. James's on Sept. 2—took a leading part. In this, a little dog was the unconscious hero of the situation. The animal, which was the property of one of the actors, was carried through the play by the representative of a leading character, to whom, for some reason, it objected very strongly, and was always struggling to get away. The actor who carried it had to build up his nose to make it appear larger and more prominent than it was in reality. At a matinée, the dog, trying to get away, as usual, suddenly snapped at the actor's face; and, catching the end of the false nose in its teeth, bit off a large piece of it. Naturally, the actor was startled, and in his fright he let the dog go. Now, it so happened that its owner was standing in the wings. Overjoyed at seeing its master, the dog began to bark; and, regardless of the fact that what looked from the front like a roaring fire was burning on the stage, it made a dash through the seeming flames



THE NEW MANAGER OF THE SAVOY: MR. C. H. WORKMAN.

Mr. Workman, the well-known player in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas, has taken the Savoy, and is bent on maintaining the traditions of that house. His first venture, which is set down for production on about the 29th of this month, will be a piece by Mr. Guy Morton Eden, with music by Mr. Reginald Somerville. The scene is laid in Switzerland, and the costumes are to be designed by Mr. Percy Anderson. Later, Mr. Workman will produce a new work by Sir W. S. Gilbert, with music by Mr. Edward German.

Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.

even offer him an engagement! During the drive down Oxford Street, Mr. White searched frantically for an imaginary telegram offering him a fabulous salary to act at the Theatre Royal, somewhere, but only succeeded in discovering an unpaid bill. The situation was getting serious. At length, in Long Acre, Miss Ward spoke. "Are you thinking of becoming an actor, Mr. Smith?" "Mr. Smith!" It was not what he expected. He sat speechless with indignation. Believing, no doubt, that he had not heard, Miss Ward, smiling sweetly, repeated the question in another form: "Are you on the stage already, Mr. Jones?" The caustic repartee of which he was a master bubbled to his lips. "Yes, Miss Ward," he answered. "I am on the stage. Are you?" There was a pause—quite a long pause. How long it lasted by the watch there is no need to inquire. Still, Mr. Barton White consoled himself with the fact that he was an actor, and to this day ginger-beer has a "legitimate" flavour for him.

THE TWEENIE HOLIDAY.



SHE: Have you been holiday-making?

HE: Only week-ends—much better, though: one gets a jolly good rest in between.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Faults of
"Conversation"
Books.

I wrote something or other last week about holiday reading, and now, being still on my travels, I am minded to write of a very practical sort of holiday-books—namely, those which profess to speed on his way the traveller who is no linguist. So far as I have seen them, I am profoundly dissatisfied with them, and have a great improvement to suggest to the people who produce them. The little books I have in mind are in the form of "conversations." The whole idea is wrong. Either you know a language or you don't. If you have studied it, even insufficiently, you make your sentences for yourself, and merely need to increase your vocabulary. Foreigners, you must remember, are, as a rule, more polite than we—in that they show no amusement when one uses unfamiliar idioms; provided you convey your meaning, all is well, and the right idioms come with observation and practice. But suppose you don't know a language—and that is the supposition of the little books—what do you need? In the first place, a very few sentences of politeness—"good morning," "please," "thank you"—half a dozen at the most. After that all you need is a vocabulary. You do *not* need elegant, idiomatic sentences: if you are far enough advanced for them, you do not need the conversation books at all. Yet in these books you have to burrow in pages of such sentences before you get the essential word. Suppose, for example, you are dressing in a hurry in a German hotel, and find they have not brought up your boots. You ring, and the menial appears. You do *not* need to say, "My boots have not been brought to me; will you kindly fetch them as soon as possible?" All you need is a pleasant smile, to make the menial sympathetic, and the German for "My boots." Very well: not knowing the words, you dash at your conversation book, and in time find the section which deals with hotels. Then in all probability you have to wade through a lot of irrelevant matter about baths and soap and breakfast before you can disinter the German for boots from its elegant surroundings, for an alphabetical order never occurs to the compilers. (In this instance you don't even need the work, for you now point to your stocking feet—but this by the way.) Or you want to ask a German policeman if you are going right for the railway station. You don't want the German for "Is this the right way?" you want the politeness to raise your hat and the German for "Railway station," and once more you will have to burrow for minutes in your conversation book before you get it. That is quite maddening.

What is Needed. What do I suggest? A small, thin book, which need not be bigger than a cigarette-case, containing (1) Some sentences of common courtesy, in type to leap to your eye if you forget them, and (2) About a hundred words in both

languages in proper alphabetical order. That is all. A dictionary, in fact? Yes, but a special dictionary, not a podgy affair with thousands of words you don't want increasing the time of search, but one exactly suited to your needs, which will give you your word in half a second. If such dictionaries exist I do not know of them. Let them be produced immediately. Nothing is of value between them and a proper study of a language. As to what is a proper study there may be differences of

opinion: my own is that one should begin by learning to talk it in the rough, then supplement with grammars, and so on to its literature. By the way, I freely admit that my system does not get over the greater difficulty of travelling with ease in a country where you don't know the language, which is to understand the answers to the questions I have enabled you to put so swiftly; but then the conversation books are of even less use in that case: they give no help at all; whereas I do enable you, if you catch a single word, to find out *that* and make a shot. If the answer is wholly unintelligible, I can only advise you to say, "Do you speak English?" and breathe a silent prayer.

A Burning Shame. Happily, in most countries the answer to that piteous inquiry is more likely to be favourable than the answer the foreigner gets to his corresponding question in England. It is a shame we should be such bad linguists, and foreigners are far too kind to us in the matter—they spoil us, in fact. I boil with rage when I consider this defect in my expensive education. It would have been so easy to learn fluency in a couple of foreign languages when I was at school, where, as a matter of fact, French was almost a farce and German was an "extra" which a lazy boy like myself could avoid altogether. Leaving England very seldom, such knowledge as I have taught myself of foreign languages is almost entirely literary, and conversation is a dreadful strain. My foreign friends for the most part spoil me by talking English with me,

and it would take a more arrogant person than I am not to feel a little humiliated by the one-sidedness of the arrangement. There must be any number of more or less educated Englishmen in the same case. One hears of X and Y and Z, most distinguished statesmen, to whom all foreign languages but French are quite unknown, to whom even French is a stammering and embarrassed exercise. What a shame it is! One misses such an enormous amount of pleasure and profit when one travels—conversations with foreigners in trains, with peasants in the country, with all sorts of people. I am now in a country where ignorance of the language is more excusable, perhaps, than in the case of French and German, but then the habit of languages would have enabled me to get up this also for the purpose. What a shame it is!

N. O. 1.



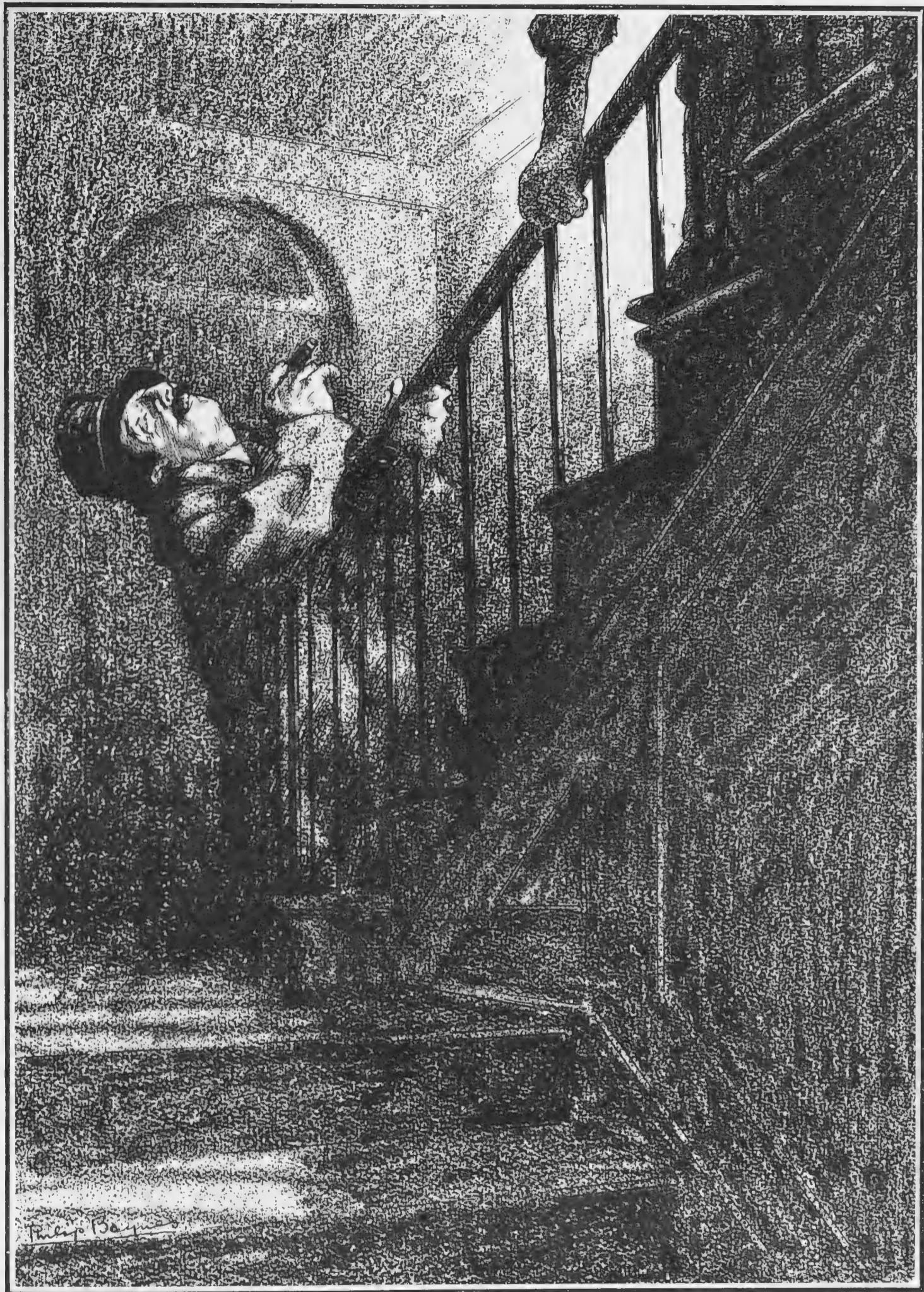
A COMEDY IN HIGH LIFE.

THE AERONAUT (*to nervous passenger*): My dear Sir, you need not be alarmed.
Your fears are groundless.

THE NERVOUS PASSENGER: That is just what worries me.

DRAWN BY STANLEY ROGERS.

THE MIXTURE — AS BEFORE.



THE GENTLEMAN AT THE FOOT OF THE STAIRS: Greatesh difficulty getsh here 't all. F'got whether you told me t' have two drinks an' come home at eleven, or elevensh drinks an' come home at two.

DRAWN BY PHILIP H. BAYNES

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE GINGER-CAKE.

By AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON,

Author of "Patience Dean," "The Flowers," etc.

THE door of the small shop lay open, held in place by a heavy weight, but hardly a breath of fresh air seemed to come in. The day was so sultry and so still. The atmosphere of the shop was charged with sweet warm scents, for its counter was covered with trays brought not long since from the bakehouse, laden with pies, tarts, cakes, and sponges, fresh from the oven.

The door leading to the room at the back of the shop was also open, and the table in that room was similarly laden. It held cakes chiefly, and the air was fragrant with the scent of spice.

Josh Tebbutt, the baker, a little withered man with extraordinarily bright eyes, hovered between the back room and the shop, as from time to time the villagers came in to claim each one his property in the shape of a pie, a tart, or a cake. 'Twas an afternoon baking, and no joints had a place in it. Josh regarded the trays a trifle wistfully—the housewives of Weddleworth were well versed in the art of pandering to a sweet tooth; but Josh had never been able to turn out a successful cake.

He collected the pennies and twopences for "firing" with an absent air. That air was habitual to him; the little baker was apt to carry his head in the clouds; no doubt his customers could have cheated him easily enough of his dues, but cheating was not fashionable in Weddleworth. When his apron pocket began to weigh heavily with coppers, he wandered round the back of the counter, and emptied his hoard into the till.

The trays began to be depleted, for the afternoon was wearing on, and tea-time was imminent. Then there came a lull in the rush of callers, and the old man sat down. The high seat behind the counter took his feet from the ground in order to bring his head well into view above the counter; it was an oddly shaped head, covered thickly with grey-white hair, which was fuzzy as if it had just been washed.

The old man's eye wandered. It rested at length on a tray at the far end of the counter. The tray was empty but for two cakes, one which had fallen in the middle, and was obviously sodden; and a high, well-rounded, well-baked ginger-cake, crowned with a curling strip of candied peel.

"That be one of Lydia Mason's ginger-cakes; 'tis the third she has sent this week. It ha' risen real well. Lydia's cakes allus do rise."

He sighed. In this respect Lydia Mason's cakes did not resemble the few cakes he had attempted.

His reverie was broken in upon by a new influx of customers—children now out from school, who had been sent by their mothers. They stood looking up at him like a crowd of hungry young birds.

Josh swung down from his stool, and went peering round the trays. The child who had first caught his eye followed him, obeying some unwritten law of etiquette: the others waited patiently. When the right cake was found, the old man gave it to the child with an admonition. "There be a current sticking up there, but don't you pick it off, Nanny; it be the finish of the cake."

Nanny nodded, eyeing the current. "I ain't meaning to touch it—mother'd notice," she said sapiently. She pressed a hot penny into his withered hand and withdrew.

The other children came on, in turn. When Josh had waited

upon each one there were only two cakes left on the counter, and none in the room beyond. The two cakes were the ill-assorted neighbours he had noticed: Lydia Mason's ginger-cake and the cake which had fallen in the baking.

The old fellow went into the back room and cleared away the trays. He dusted them, and set them in a wide cupboard. Then he pulled up the window-blind, which had been lowered to lessen the heat of the room. There wandered in through the open window the fresh, sweet scent of mignonette. Josh's nostrils caught it. He stood by the window a moment, and their absent expression crept into his eyes.

"Lydia—her used to be real partial to mignonette when a maid at school," he thought idly. That was a long time ago. He had been at school with her, and he was old. He remembered the old black bench upon which they had sat in stiff correctness side by side. He had intended to do something in the "bookish" way when he was a man—the real world had not drawn him much even then—and Lydia had announced her intention of marrying red-haired Tom Mason. Lydia had married Tom Mason, had lived to rue the day, and to be glad when she followed his coffin to the churchyard; and he, Josh—he was a baker.

The old man's reflections held no regret, only a quiet peace: indeed, when his thoughts shifted, and he remembered how he had been partial to Lydia as a young man, and Tom Mason had cut him out, he was still unregretfully tranquil. He thought, "Her got her fancy, and it were better so."

Clattering footsteps on the bare floor of the shop recalled him to the present and to the actual world. He turned away from the window and went into the shop.

The child who was waiting was very small and ill-clothed. Her face was grimy; the elfin features were hung round with rats' tails of dark hair.

She said, stretching on her toes to stare at the counter, and with a touch of boastfulness, "Mother said as ourn would be the biggest cake of the lot."

"Perhaps it were," said the old fellow kindly; "but there be only two left now. Yes, it be a real big cake."

He lifted the sodden cake, and set it on the tray she held. The child received it eagerly. Then her face fell. She glanced in a crestfallen fashion at the cake that remained on the counter. "Ourn ain't high in the middle, like that one," said she.

"No, it ain't," said old Josh. He added absently, "That be one of Lydia Mason's ginger-cakes. It ha' risen real well; Lydia's cakes allus rise."

The girl stared. She said stoutly, "My mother could make better cakes nor Mrs. Mason, if she tried."

"Ay, ay," said Josh.

"I ain't brought the penny to-day. My mother—"

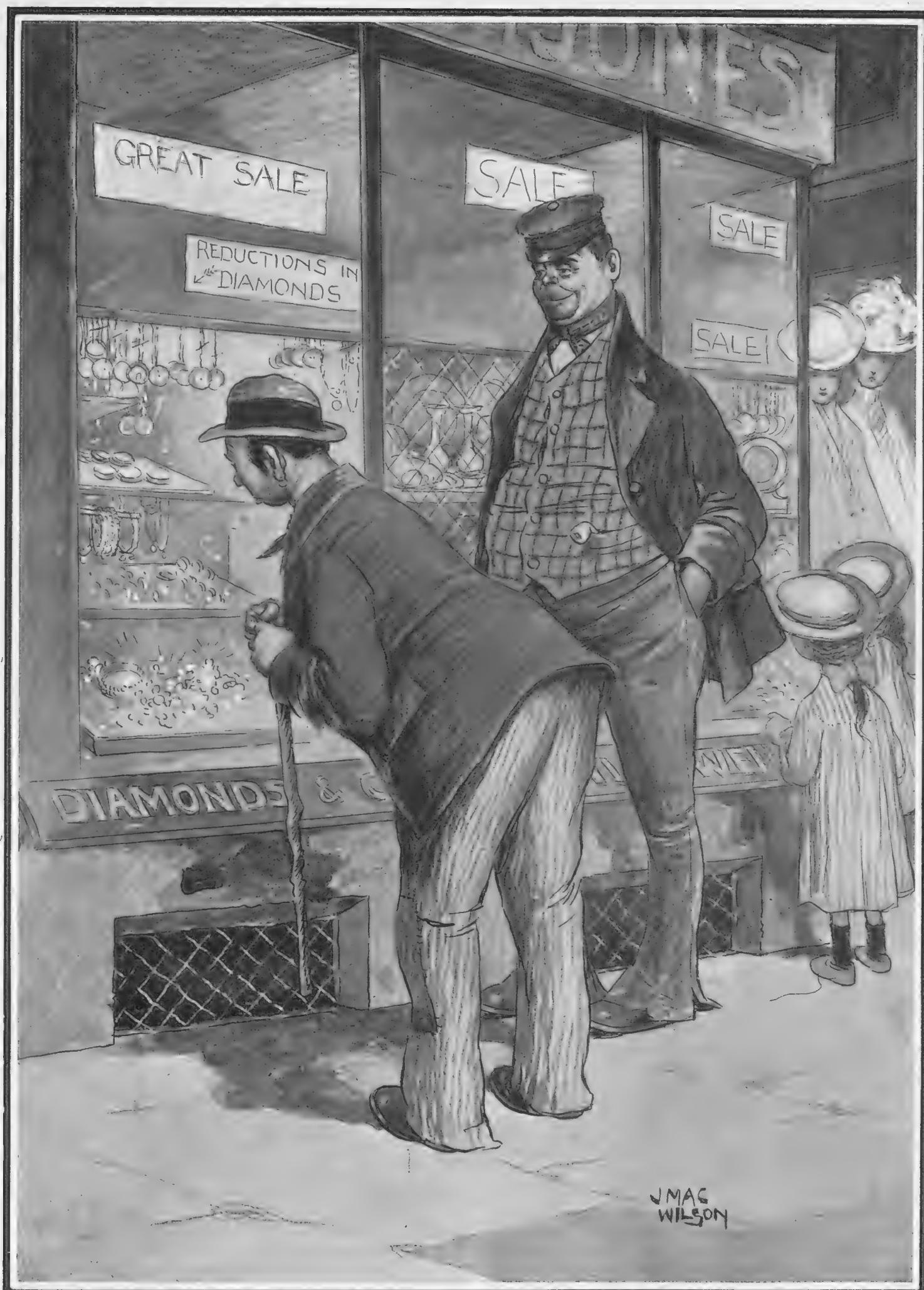
"You can bring it another day," said the old man. He watched her turn away and descend carefully the three steps leading from the shop-door to the road; a ragged flounce trailed behind her as she went. He wanted to call her back and tell her to gather it over her arm, but his thoughts floated away, and he forgot.

He placed the ginger-cake on a shelf at the side. "She be late in sending for it," he thought. He was sweeping down the counter when a shrill sound of voices rose in the back room.

He paused with the duster in his hand, and something like

[Continued overleaf.]

PLUS A SACK OR TWO!



BILL (*spending a holiday in town*): Wouldn't yer like to 'ave yer pick, Mike?

MIKE: I'd sooner 'ave me shovel.

dismay turned the corners of his mouth. "It be Niece Hannah and the chillen," he said aloud.

He was right in his surmise. The children came rushing into the shop, two bright-eyed girls and a lusty boy. They fell upon the old man and hugged him warmly. "We ain't got a deal of time before we go back," they told him; "but mother says we kin stay to tea."

The mother emerged from the back room to confirm this—a stout, matronly woman with rather hard black eyes. She said, "How do you do, Uncle Josh? We be on our way back to Goddick, but the chillen was real anxious to come in."

"You be welcome," said the old man huskily. He kissed the plump cheek she offered.

"They say as you promised last time as they should have tea with you next visit they made, and more nor one piece of cake."

"Ay, so I did," said the old man. His voice sounded even more husky.

"I dessay," said the boy boastfully, "Uncle Josh has a cake in every single cupboard. When I am a man, I'll bake too, same as Uncle Josh."

He gazed perkily at his uncle, his legs wide apart; and Josh returned the gaze, but in a mazed fashion. He repeated, "Ay, so I did promise."

The woman stirred impatiently. "We ain't got too much time, Uncle Josh. You tell me where the cloth is, and I'll set to work an' get the tea."

"The cloth be in the table drawer," said the old man, turning his eyes upon her. His eyes grew less blank. He seemed to be fixing his mind for the present upon that one fact: the fact that the cloth was in the table drawer.

"Come on, then, an' tell me where the other things is kept." She turned autocratically towards the back room. The old man followed meekly, his brow wrinkling, and his glance growing troubled. The children followed joyously behind.

Hannah set about getting tea in a quick, vigorous fashion; old Josh watched her as if fascinated. There was something of almost merciless expediency about her. She poked the fire before she laid the cloth, and the kettle began to sing. When the china was set out, the kettle was boiling. She made the tea deftly. While the tea was infused, she set out the little store of eatables from the cupboard—bread, butter, strawberry-jam.

Everything was ready: she turned sharply, "The cake, Uncle Josh—you keep it in a tin, I s'pose, to keep it dry?"

Josh cleared his throat. The two girls were watching him anxiously, but the boy was carelessly triumphant.

"I'll fetch it. It—it be a new one," said Josh. He turned from them, and went into the shop.

The children did not follow him; their mother was calling them to take their places round the table, and they dared not disobey. Josh stood for a moment or two with the ginger-cake in his hands. "There ain't a scrap o' cake in the house, an' the chillun'd be that disappointed," he thought. He turned the cake round; his fingers were trembling. "There ain't time to buy any, and I ain't got no one to send." He hesitated, then said aloud, "It be the third cake she ha' made this week: I dessay she ha' made it to sell."

"Uncle Josh!" Lusty voices called the name. The old fellow set the cake upon a sheet of clean paper and carried it into the back room: Hannah had set ready a plate.

When tea was over, both mother and children went. The children bade Josh a riotous farewell, and the mouths with which they kissed him were redolent of ginger. The old man stood at the back door and watched the little party as it struck off across the fields. Then he turned, and his glance travelled toward the ginger-cake—what was left of it: a couple of slices.

He had not eaten any. He said unregretfully, "They ate hearty, them chillen, every on."

But the whisper had hardly left his lips when doubt seized him, and fear of what he had done. He went into the shop and shut the intervening door.

He had hardly seated himself when a small girl appeared. She carried a basket with a clean napkin in it. The napkin had a red border and fringe: Josh knew it well. She looked up at Josh as he sat behind the counter, and something—perhaps the unwonted

sternness of his face—made her stutter as she asked, "Auntie's cake—is it ready, Mr. Tebbutt?"

The old man kept on staring, as if he hardly heard.

"Auntie's cake . . ." stammered the child again.

His bright eyes wandered, then came back to her face. He said steadily, "Ay, it be ready—in a sense. It be burnt, burnt to a cinder, Mary Kate. I misremember how I forgot it, and left it that long in the oven. Ay, it be all burnt. Tell Auntie as I be main sorry. Tell her that I'll pay for th' cake. Here be a shilling, Mary Kate"—he wrapped the coin in paper, and placed it in the child's hand. "It be a shilling she charges for them ginger-cakes."

The child took the little packet, she clutched it tightly. "A whole shilling," she said importantly, and hastened away.

The old man's hands trembled. He lifted a bundle of knitting from a shelf and began to ply the needles. His withered cheeks began to burn. When his fingers steadied, the fire in his cheeks still flamed.

When he had knitted for some little time he glanced at the clock. "Village be that quiet I may as well close as not," he muttered, and slipped down from his stool. He moved round the counter towards the door. He had almost reached it when it swung open, and a tall, spare woman entered.

"Lydia Mason!" cried he. His face became suddenly abject: that of a culprit. He fell back, his eyes fixed upon hers.

"Ay, Lydia Mason!" mocked she. Her eyes were as bright as his, and her lips had humour about them. She laid a shilling on the counter. Josh knew it was a shilling, though the coin was still in its paper covering. She said drily, "Here's your shillin'. I'd rather have my cake."

The old man's bright eyes fail. He said, in a low tone, "It were that burnt, Lydia."

"Ah!" ejaculated she. Her eyes travelled over his drooping face. "Rosabel Moffatt's child sawed it when she came for her mother's cake. She ha' been asking her mother what for her cakes don't rise in th' middle same as Mrs. Mason's ginger ones."

Josh Tebbutt stood staring at the floor.

"She didn't say aught about the burnt bits, Josh!" said Lydia. Suddenly her voice changed. It grew tender, as if she spoke to a child. The woman put up a hand, and pushed back her thin grey hair from her forehead. "Where be the cake, Josh?" she asked, almost coaxingly.

He looked at her in a helpless fashion; then he caught her arm and drew her towards the inner room. She opened the door of it with a quick movement. Josh did not look in; he let her look. He said miserably, "There ain't no more nor that left. They came unexpected—Hannah an' the chillen. I'd a-promised them cake once, an' I hadn't nary a scrap."

She was silent.

He said, "Twere the third you had sent this week, Lydia, an' I thought—if twere for sale—"

She chuckled then. Drawing back her head, she looked at him, smiling broadly. "Ay, it were for sale—it were sold!" said she.

He stared at her helplessly.

"They ha' done well by it—no more than two slices left—two thin slices," quoth Lydia, looking at the table not without satisfaction.

The old man caught his breath. He said to himself, "Lydia Mason's cakes allus rise."

She turned to him, suddenly energetic. Her cheeks, like his, were flushed with pink. "Josh," she said breathlessly, "I ha' made up my mind at last; this settles me. You ain't able to look after yourself, you ain't able to stand up to that niece of yours; you ain't able to make a good cake. It be time a woman took you in hand, and I ha' sorrowed enough for Tom, an' the mistake I made. I be meaning to marry you—I ha' settled it in my mind."

He was growing old, and peace was what he craved. He saw mainly in the disturbance of this moment a possibility of a future quietude, a quietude greater than any he had known. There was the mignonette bed, too—Lydia had always loved mignonette as a maid. He said gently, "You do as you will, Lydia. I be real pleased for you to do as you will."

THE END.

SATIRISING THE BEAUTY DOCTOR: "HEIGHT - REDUCING."



1. "I AM TOO TALL FOR A GIRL": A VERY LENGTHY LADY CALLS UPON THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.
3. THE MOST STRIKING MOMENT OF THE OPERATION: THE REDUCTION BEGINNING.

2. A THREE-THOUSAND-POUND REMEDY: THE REDUCTION OF THE HEIGHT ABOUT TO BEGIN.
4. HOW THE CURE IS MADE POSSIBLE: THE VERY LENGTHY LADY IN THE MAKING.

Our illustrations show an amusing skit on the beauty doctor. A very tall woman calls, and asks for advice. "I am too tall for a girl," she says, and it is thereupon agreed that her height shall be reduced. She takes her stand in the machine indicated to her, and a weight of three thousand pounds falls on her head. When she emerges, her height is normal. The fourth photograph shows how the illusion is made possible, by means of an actress mounted on stilts.—[Photographs by Fuller.]

THE MAN WHO CATCHES RATS WITH HIS HANDS:
STRANGE WORK IN THE SEWERS.



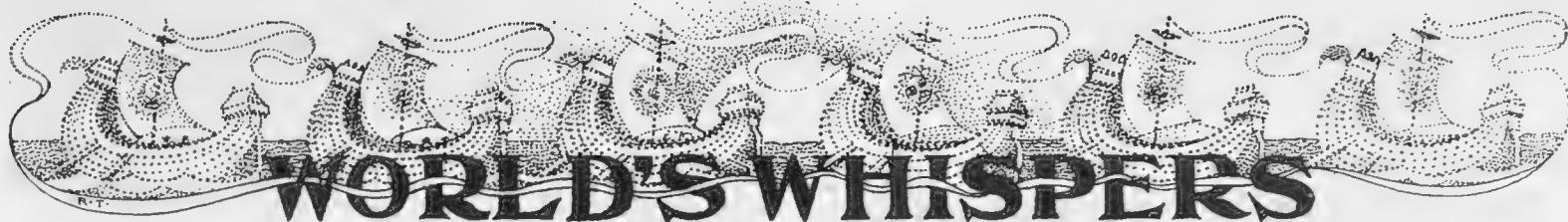
1. M. MÉNARD, RAT-CATCHER TO THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL OF PARIS, ENTERING THE SEWERS.

2. M. MÉNARD CATCHING A RAT WITH HIS HANDS, IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

3. M. MÉNARD AND ONE OF HIS CAGES.

The Paris Municipal Council recently voted a sum of 2000 francs a year to M. Ménard, who makes a specialty of catching rats in his hands in the sewers of Paris. There was a time when M. Ménard gave away the rats he caught; now he sells them either to the owners of "rattodromes" to provide sport for dogs, or to the Pasteur Institute. As a rule he gets from fifty to seventy centimes for each rat, but occasionally he has been paid as much as five francs for an exceptionally fine specimen.

The lantern he uses can be seen in the first and second photographs. In the first, also, is the rat-catcher's bag.—[Photographs by Rapid.]



WORLD'S WHISPERS

LOD ROSEBURY'S reported gift of his Neapolitan villa to the British Government for the use of the English Ambassador during his holidays may at least serve one good purpose. Surely some Astor with a Cliveden will do the same by the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's? At present Mr.



A BUTTERFLY THAT IS ELEVEN INCHES ACROSS THE WINGS; INSECTS WORTH £20 APIECE.

Our illustration shows examples of the largest butterfly in the world, *Ornithoptera alexandriæ*, discovered in British New Guinea, and worth £20 apiece. The male measures eight inches across the wings; the female, eleven inches. The species was discovered by a naturalist, who saw one high up in a tree and shot it. From the fragments that remained, he decided that the butterfly was of an unknown species. Another expedition was organised, and the specimens illustrated were secured.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.

will find a lodging in which the reception-rooms are a-cooking in the kitchen—a domestic condition remembered against one American Minister in Europe. And yet savoury odours are not always the sign of a humble dwelling: who has not noted the aroma of coffee floating down the endless corridors of the Vatican?

Whispers. It is the story of a mis-understood whisper. Adolphus had been to a football match, his one passion, and had cheered so lustily all the afternoon that he left his voice behind him on the field. Reaching home, he informed his wife, in a hoarse whisper, that he could not speak, and that therefore he would go to bed. "Oh, but Ponsonby is coming to dinner," she said. The whisper came again: "Bother! I'll go round and put him off." Out of Ponsonby's door, as Adolphus gained it, Mrs. Ponsonby, dressed for conquest, was just emerging. "Is Ponsonby at home?" asked the whisper; and there came a most unexpected whisper in response: "Yes, but I can smuggle you into the library." What was Adolphus to do?

The Young Squire. The Crosby estate in Lancashire devolves on the grandson of the old squire, Weld-Blundell, who died the other day by a fall down stairs. His eldest son died several years ago, leaving a widow, Mrs. Francis Blundell, who has since become famous on title-pages as "M. E. Francis." Her son it is who now inherits Crosby, and by this skipping of a generation the property makes a wonderful saving of succession duties. "Happy is the estate on which the son never shines," may very well become the new rendering of an old proverb. The new squire has not only a clever mother, but also a clever aunt, Mrs. Egerton Castle.

Troublin' in Dublin. Lady Gregory dwells with satisfaction on the firmness of her attitude towards Lord Aberdeen's representations the other day in regard to a banned play. But she remembers, also with satisfaction, that no tempers were lost, for the Viceroy is also a friend. Lord Aberdeen is popular at Dublin Castle and popular on his Canadian ranch, and he himself realises that the greater triumph of the two is the one that has been achieved nearest home. Of Lord Aberdeen's friendliness towards the arts Lady Gregory has sufficient knowledge, if only because of the support given to her enterprising nephew, Sir Hugh Lane. And even Lady Aberdeen has looked admiringly at his collected pictures, although she thinks her Kodak is more truthful than, say, Monticelli.

Kinds of Celts. Lady Gregory's own plays are much more decidedly Irish than Bernard Shaw's, and she has herself been far faithfuller to the Gaelic tradition than the dramatist she piloted to the Abbey Theatre. Although she has no brogue—and Mr. Shaw has one—she has written of Cuchulain, and many another Irish hero; and she has, moreover, cared for and encouraged the poets of the Celtic group. She has fed Mr. Yeats with the legends of her land, and something more, if the caricaturist is to be believed who has drawn her following that poet round the lovely gardens of Coole Park with a spoon and a tonic to be administered when the fairies ceased whispering in his ear.



TO ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE WITH MARS BY MEANS OF "WIRELESS": PROFESSOR DAVID TODD. Professor Todd, Director of the Observatory at Amherst College, Boston, is to make a novel balloon ascent with the idea of getting into communication with Mars by means of wireless telegraphy. The balloon will have an outer covering of aluminium, as the Professor hopes to reach an altitude never before reached by man, and he himself will be in an air-tight aluminium car, fitted with a supply of oxygen. He will send messages by means of "wireless," in the hope that the Martians may understand him, though even he himself does not think it at all likely that, if there are Martians, they will understand his signals.



A BUILDING THAT WILL HOLD TWELVE THOUSAND PEOPLE: THE HUDSON TERMINAL BUILDING. The building, which is of two blocks connected one with the other, is on Church Street and West of Broadway, New York. It has a frontage of 400 feet by 175 feet, occupies about two acres, will accommodate 12,000 people, and is assessed at \$6,000,000 dollars. Some twenty acres of office-space in it have already been rented.

KEY-NOTES



A Pleasing Novelty. August, generally the dullest month in the twelve from the standpoint of music, has seen the production of a delightful new work—Mr. Alick Maclean's one-act opera "Maitre Seiler." The novelty brings a sense of refreshment in its train, suggesting that if British composers of distinct attainments will be content to be true to themselves, and not seek to ape the idiosyncrasies and moods of foreign composers, they can write, and can create a demand for, music that is melodious, charming, and happily wedded to appealing stories. There is a class of strenuous musical artist to whom such an ideal appears very unsatisfying: for him there must be a huge canvas, a riot of colouring, a fantastic design unintelligible to plain men, and modernity in every stroke. The result is often very striking: it pleases a few, puzzles many, and is an eminently unmarketable proposition.

"It carries nothing any farther," said a critic to the writer when the curtain had fallen upon Mr. Maclean's opera. Perhaps he had not paused to think that there was no occasion to use Erckmann-Chatrian's pretty story as a medium for the development of musical expression, or to reflect that a little idyll with a faint early nineteenth-century aroma could be best served by musical accompaniment frankly and simply melodious, but withal written in fashion that reveals at every turn the hand and brain of the trained musician. There is no justification for the composer who strains musical resources for situations that were old before Gluck reformed the opera.

COMPOSER OF "MAITRE SEILER" THE NEW ENGLISH OPERA PRODUCED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE THE OTHER DAY:

MR. ALICK MACLEAN.

Photograph by A. Hyndham.

that there was no occasion to use Erckmann-Chatrian's pretty story as a medium for the development of musical expression, or to reflect that a little idyll with a faint early nineteenth-century aroma could be best served by musical accompaniment frankly and simply melodious, but withal written in fashion that reveals at every turn the hand and brain of the trained musician. There is no justification for the composer who strains musical resources for situations that were old before Gluck reformed the opera.

Melody in Excelsis. Mr. Maclean's strength lies in the frank surrender to the claims of melody, and the care with which he has distributed his material over the orchestra. The overture expresses in happiest fashion the atmosphere of the wooded Rhineland country. Delicate airs entrusted to muted instruments, and very skilfully scored for the wood-wind, serve at once to waken the interest of the audience, and as soon as the curtain rises Maitre Seiler, who holds the stage, has some charming music allotted to him. There is something akin to the genius of Wallace and Balfe, if "genius" be a permissible term here, in Mr. Maclean's score, and everybody interested in British music must acknowledge a debt of gratitude to Mr. Charles Manners, who has not been afraid to support his own judgment. A word of special praise is due to Mr. Lewys James, who, as Maitre Seiler, gave as finished a performance as we have been privileged to witness in any opera-house for a long time past. At the same time, one may suggest to the stage-manager, in no spirit of

captious criticism, that a forester should not handle his weapon as Yeri does if he wishes to keep his job, and that bright flowers do not, as a rule, choose to grow at the roots of forest trees, where they would be completely shaded from the light to which they owe their colours.

A New Fashion in Music.

Silly Season is the chief excuse for devoting the greater part of strictly limited space to the production of a one-act opera outside the radius of Covent Garden; but this is not the case: "Maitre Seiler" has more than a passing interest just now. If our young composers will but take example from Mr. Maclean and follow their own bent, we may yet see a welcome new fashion in opera. Free from the banalities of musical comedy on the one hand, and the supersensuousness of modern grand opera on the other, we may reach a style of work that can find its public among the four or five millions of London, and the tens of thousands in provincial cities who believe that melody and simplicity are worth preserving. Germany has its light operas, comic operas in the best sense of the term. Spain has its *zarzuelas*; there is no provincial city in the land of the Dons that lacks them—even the poor people can and do afford to patronise one of the three performances that make up the full evening bill. The *zarzuela* has spread into Portugal, and even crossed the Pyrenees, where France has its *opéra comique*.



OF THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY AT THE LYRIC: MLLÉ. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN.

Photograph by A. Dupont.

that there was no occasion to use Erckmann-Chatrian's pretty story as a medium for the development of musical expression, or to reflect that a little idyll with a faint early nineteenth-century aroma could be best served by musical accompaniment frankly and simply melodious, but withal written in fashion that reveals at every turn the hand and brain of the trained musician. There is no justification for the composer who strains musical resources for situations that were old before Gluck reformed the opera.

At the Queen's Hall.

The Promenade Concert season is now in full swing; we have had Wagner nights, Beethoven nights, popular nights, and the rest, we have heard a few novelties and some solo performances that might provoke criticism but for the fact that the public is clearly well satisfied both with the choice of work and the method of rendering. The vigour and quality of the orchestral playing, under Mr. Wood's direction, would be difficult to equal and well nigh impossible to beat. Mr. Heinrich Noren's "Kaleidoscope" introduces to England a Slavonic composer of marked gifts; Mr. Granville Bantock's "Sapphic Dance," for harp solo, is distinctly interesting, but the undertaking seems a little too ambitious for the accomplishment. Needless to say, Mr. Kastner's harp-playing was brilliant. Mr. Henry Wood's "Fantasia on Welsh Melodies" shows that the popular conductor has a quick sense of what is effective in arrangements of this kind of music. It is likely to become exceedingly popular, for there is always a large audience to welcome the happy treatment of familiar themes. Too late for notice this week, Mr. Wood will produce a companion "Fantasia" from his pen, this time on Scottish airs.

COMMON CHORD.



A PRINCE WHO PLAYS SECOND VIOLIN: PRINCE LUDWIG FERDINAND OF BAVARIA.

Once again, Prince Ludwig Ferdinand of Bavaria is playing second violin in the Wagner Festival performances at Munich. His Royal Highness, who is a nephew of the Prince Regent of Bavaria, is not only an enthusiastic musician, but a doctor of medicine and a general in the army.

THE MAN ON THE CAR

A Reasonable Bench.

pleas urged in a motorist's defence. A local doctor's chauffeur, named Scurry, was charged before the above Bench on the 23rd ult. with having exceeded the ten-miles speed-limit in Ockford Road. Now, Ockford Road is that wide, straight half-mile of the Portsmouth Road which extends from the southern end of the High Street to Ockford Corner, the dangerous right - and - left downhill turning where the road passes under the London and South-Western Railway. At the time of the Local Government Board inquiry into the necessity for a ten-mile speed-limit through Godalming the inspector reported that this straight piece of road and the Ockford curve should be omitted from the order, as being unnecessary in the interests of the public safety. It was shown by the solicitor acting for the defendant in this case, at the instance of the Royal Automobile Club, that they, the Club, acquiesced in the inclusion of this particular length of road as a matter of convenience and expediency, and to save the ratepayers the cost of an inquiry.

Would not Take Severe Action.

curred that the maximum speed-limit was quite safe, which portion, moreover, their own inspector had recommended should be omitted from the proposed speed-limit. It is evidence of the manner in which constables are instructed to read the letter of the law; and the testy interruptions of the Club's solicitor's appeal by the Mayor, Lieutenant-Colonel Babington, further suggested that one member of the Bench at least was anxious to take the same view as the police. However, after Mr. Turner's lucid exposition of the facts and his appeal for consideration, the Bench, after a retirement, dismissed the case, and other similar cases, with costs. The Royal Automobile Club are to be congratulated upon their action.

Daimlers in France. The Daimler Motor Company are carrying the war of competition into the enemy's country. In other words, the company have opened a depot in Paris, under the title of Société Française de la Daimler, at 5, Rue Rude, Paris,

with the whole selling rights of the "New Daimler" in France. This depot is under the management of that veteran racing cyclist and motorist whose name has long been a household word in French sporting circles—I mean Monsieur Girardot, whose reputation as an expert of the first rank will go far to tempt his countrymen to a convincing test of the Silent Knight valveless engine. Daimler-owners resident in and touring France will be glad to know that a full complement of spares and accessories likely to be required by them will be kept at the above establishment.

An Expert's Choice.

than one occasion in these Notes I have dwelt upon the up-to-date design, sterling workmanship, and sound material which characterise the 14-16-h.p. Straker-Squire car, earnest of which qualities is afforded by the record of road and Brooklands successes which now go to the credit of this smart car. This being so, I am more than gratified to find my views endorsed by Mr. Worby-Beaumont, admittedly the leading motor expert in this country, who with all the wide field of British and foreign manufacture to select from, has allowed his mature choice to fall upon a 14-16-h.p. Straker-Squire, which is to be specially equipped with various fittings suitable for making experiments of all kinds.

Must Dazzle to See. Since last penning these notes, I have given some further consideration to the Report of the Headlights Committee, with a view to the points which may be gleaned therefrom in the interests of the purchaser. It certainly appears that at present far-reaching illumination, which is absolutely necessary to the safe conduct of a motor-car at night, cannot exist with anti-dazzling qualities worth consideration. In nearly every case extended illumination carries with it extended dazzling—that is to say, that with a powerful beam capable of clearly lighting up the road 100 yards ahead the oncoming passenger or driver is dazzled until very near the



AS IT MAY YET BE IN ENGLAND: PARIS COLLECTING HER PETROL TAX.

All cars are stopped at the gates of Paris, and the amount of spirit carried is checked and charged for. When the car passes on the return journey the petrol is again measured, and a rebate allowed on that part of the original quantity that is left.

Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.



ON THEIR WAY TO THE FLYING-GROUND: A MOTOR-BRAKE CONVEYING PEOPLE TO THE SCENE OF THE AVIATION MEETING AT RHEIMS.

Photograph by Branger.

car. Pending further improvements which, reducing the dazzle, will not reduce the range and luminosity of the beam, I fear that, both for his own sake and the safety of the public, the motorist must employ lights of a more or less dazzling character. But if road-users approaching a motor-car would only remember to look over or at the side of the lamps, they would find the dazzling effect much lessened.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Lord Savile. The success of next week's Doncaster meeting is assured from all points of view by the fact that his Majesty will be there. During the last few years the King has been the guest of Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey, and it is in this stately Elizabethan house that he will again stay for the St. Leger Meeting. Should

Minoru win the big race, it will be a royal affair in every sense of the word. Lord Savile, the King's host, is more keen on shooting and golfing than on horse-racing. He breeds one or two thoroughbreds, but they are mostly sent up to be sold at Messrs. Tattersall's Doncaster September sales. He is apparently fond of Eager blood, the three yearlings he sold a twelvemonth ago all being by that sire. There was a colt by Eager—Chaffinch, bred by Lord Savile, entered in this year's St. Leger, but Mr. Merry became possessed of it two years ago for 520 guineas, and it is a very moderate



MAKERS OF THE JUMP OF DEATH: M. PEYRUSSON AND MME. GARNIER.

horse. At the last September sales Lord Savile saw the yearling produce of St. Aldegonde by Eager sold to Mr. W. Clark for 1000 guineas. His other two yearlings by the same sire were St. Vigila colt and Chaffinch colt. The latter won a race at Hurst Park the other day for Lord Howard de Walden. Lord Savile, who plays but a minor part in racing, has his horses in training under the charge of Captain Dewhurst at Newmarket. The only ones I can call to mind are Fallen Angel (a very speedy sprinter), Allegra, and Marquetta. Lord Savile's colours are "yellow, Eton-blue sleeves, crimson cap."

Winners. The result of the St. Leger may go far towards deciding which owner, trainer, and sire shall head the list this season. For the moment it is a desperately near thing between his Majesty and Mr. Fairie, R. Marsh and Alec Taylor, Cyllene and Bay Ronald. As regards the owners, the King has won a few more sovereigns in stakes than Mr. Fairie, who naturally would take a big lead were Bayardo to win next week. That eventuality would also send Bay Ronald to the front. But Minoru's sire, Cyllene, has a two-year-old running for him who will, with ordinary luck, add materially to the figures of the best horse ever owned by Sir C. Rose. The two-year-old referred to is Lemberg, who is a half-brother to Bayardo, and is regarded by many as being better than his elder relative was at the same age. As to whether he is the best two-year-old in training, that question may be solved the day before the St. Leger, when he may be given the opportunity of meeting Charles O'Malley, Neil Gow, and Admiral Hawke. If The Story were to create a surprise in the St. Leger, Mr. J. B. Joel would become a very good third in the owners' list. As regards the jockey championship, that seems to be settled for Frank Wootton, who, in spite of two periods when he

could not ride—the second period was a particularly sad one—holds what looks like an impregnable lead.

"Overnight" Races.

Many changes have taken place these last few years in the management of racing, and not the least is the gradual diminution in number of what are known as "overnight" races. The programmes that did not include an event of this variety were very few and far between, but nowadays many of them are complete days before the date on which they are to be run through. For my part, I am glad to note this change, and would like to see that brand of race eliminated altogether. I have always advocated that the public should be able to learn in plenty of time what is to be set before them in the way of entertainment, and where entries are invited up to six the evening before running, this is impossible. All races should be closed at least two days, and the entries published at least twenty-four hours before running. That would give intending visitors plenty of time in which to make up their minds whether a race-meeting were worth attending. And now a word for owners. If the "overnight" race cannot be abolished, clerks-of-courses should be compelled to let owners represented in those races know all the entries. I heard a little while ago of an owner who, in search of this information, sent a reply-paid wire, and as the number of entries exceeded the



THE JUMP OF DEATH: A DARING DIVE INTO THE SEINE.

This feat, known as the Jump of Death, took place the other day near Bagatelle, on the banks of the Seine. It was performed by M. Peyrusson and Mme. Garnier, who rode a tandem along a platform fixed at a height of 25 metres from the water, and plunged, with their machine, into the river.

Photographs by C. I. L., Paris.

number of words paid for, he received a message which included four or five names, with this added, "and a few others," which, of course, destroyed the value of the message entirely.—CAPTAIN COE.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**English and French
Beauty.**

One has heard so many odious comparisons of late between French and English beauty that one goes about, in France, with a critical eye on everyone that wears petticoats. Certainly the girls of the lower classes in Brittany are much better to look at than ours.

It is not that they possess the pink cheeks, the blonde, fluffy hair, or the neat ankles of the young Englishwoman, but that they are more robust and shapely, walk with an imposing swing, have invariably round waists and wide shoulders, and something of the air of young goddesses condescending to visit the earth. In a word, they are more distinguished. I have one servant-girl in my range of vision just now who would grace an Embassy and embellish a Cabinet Minister's dinner-table. But, the truth must be told, this beauty is ephemeral. At thirty-five the peasant of Northern France is an old woman. And in every class—from duchess to concierge—the old Frenchwoman is a lamentable spectacle. At forty-five she “abdicates,” neglects her dress and her appearance, puts on shapeless horrors (usually in rusty black) in the way of gowns and hats, lets herself become enormous, and acquires a gruff baritone voice. The beautiful grandmother as we know her—with saucy hats, curls, and picture-frocks—could not exist in France without ridicule. On the whole, one would say that the women of the aristocracy and plutocracy are lovelier in England, but that the French *paysanne* and *grisette* alike are more attractive than their English counterparts. It is small wonder that representatives of the Paris markets and Normandy fishwives competed with such signal success on the white cliffs of England.

**A DARK FIR-GREEN SERGE COAT.
WITH PALE-GREEN REVERS.**

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

Without the Censor. It is clear that if the office of Censor is to be abolished, and no one except the manager is to be responsible for the morals of the audience, we shall have to follow the example of the theatrical advertisements in the daily Parisian paper *Comœdia*, and give a short and candid account of the plots of all plays running at English theatres. Thus the careful daughter will avoid taking her mother to see pieces which might cause her parent serious embarrassment, and the young man about town will know in a trice exactly where to invite his up-to-date spinster aunt when she comes up to town from the shires. It is true that the Parisian journal goes somewhat far in making clear the nature of the plots at the Palais Royal or the Nouveautés, and is apt to use forcible language in describing that ordinary implement, a spade. Similar frankness would be unnecessary in English advertisements, for we Anglo-Saxons are past-masters in concealing the tender sapling truth in a herbaceous border of ambiguous phrases. I look forward to seeing a *précis* of the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Granville Barker which would be even more diverting and stimulating than the complete dramas, just as the sketch of a great artist is often more suggestive than an elaborately planned and carefully painted picture in oils. And the innovation would be of enormous advantage to such vague playgoers as the gentleman who took stalls for Ibsen's "Wild Duck" under the idea that it was "The Spring Chicken."

Oh, Shocking! This classic phrase—which hardly anyone living can truthfully say they have heard pronounced in England—has actually, as a matter of fact, become part of the French language. And it is not too much to say that

the French, as a nation, are much more easily scandalised, in unimportant matters, than we are. Staying at a small Brittany watering-place, it is amusing to see how clearly horrified are the French visitors at the gay goings-on of *les Anglaises*. Most of the English colony here, for instance, bathe American fashion, young men and maidens going in together to swim, and afterwards taking a sun-bath on the sands, attired in striped bathing-wraps. In the afternoon they have tea together on the beach in this hygienic attire; sometimes they pursue each other playfully along the shore, while others go through extraordinary contortions in the way of Swedish exercises. All this is plainly viewed with scandalised eyes by the French ladies of all ages, who seem to spend their entire day in doing crochet-work on the rocks, or sitting inside a striped bathing-tent. But the climax came yesterday, when a beautiful and robust English Miss of some nineteen summers wrestled with and overthrew, like Orlando at the Duke's Court, a youth of her own age, who promptly returned the compliment in the best of fighting humours. A murmur of "Oh, shocking!" rose from the entire Plage, and long will this Homeric struggle linger in the memory of the amazed and horrified Gauls who witnessed it.

The Revolt Les rats de l'Opéra of the Rats. éra—as they call the rank and file of the ballet—have been holding a meeting under the presidency of King Pataud to consider their wrongs and the feasibility of a trades union for dancers. I am sure I do not know why these light-footed young persons should not combine to secure better terms, or why they should be treated, as the French papers treat them, in the light of a huge joke. At present the girls who bound and skip about the great theatres and music-halls of Paris seem to have an inordinate amount of hard work with a penurious wage. Moreover, they are harassed by continual fines, and the ballet-girls of the Grand Opera are not allowed to accept any other engagement, either in public or private. But the most noteworthy point in this controversy seems to me that the stars of the dance, like Mesdames Mariquita and Yetta Rianza,

when interviewed on the subject, seemed somewhat indifferent to the lot of their poorer and younger comrades. Both seemed to think that trades-unions were exclusively a means of revolt for men.



[Copyright.]



[Copyright.]

A WHITE-SATIN EVENING DRESS EMBROIDERED WITH SILVER BEADS.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-Out-of-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-OUT-OF-TOWN.

Treeless Forests. There is no more fascinating and delightful walk in the world for the woman who can tramp over the heather than one in a deer-forest. Why so-called no-one seems to know, since there is no trace of trees ever having grown there, and such things are not now to be seen. Deer-forests are mountains with alternating heather and bog-land. Why there should be an outcry about the selfishness of keeping them for sport I cannot think, seeing that they cannot be cultivated, and that the crofters have grazing rights over them, useful only for sheep, and rights also to cut and cart peat. Once through the high wire deer-fence there is pleasure in every step. The colour is a joy: heather of every tint—even white, rare enough to make the hunt for it exciting; arches of many shades, cranberries, and up the stream beds of ferns in great variety. Not often will the walker see a herd of deer unless a keeper's spy-glass—telescope—be borrowed, when one may be seen browsing in a distant corrie. I see that the Marquess of Tullibardine has a deputation of working-men at Blair Atholl, taking them over the Atholl deer-forests to see what they think of the prospects of cultivating them!

As Things Were Time was when Scotland, from the sportsman's point of view, was very exclusive. Lodges and

Scottish residences were the only accommodation for those who came up after the fishing and shooting, saving that offered by old-fashioned Highland hotels, which was very limited. Now the rich middle-classes have their fair share in the pleasures of Scotland. There are hotels everywhere; smaller shootings are let than formerly; stretches of water are obtained at more moderate prices; fishing can be had on many lochs and rivers through hotel proprietors. Things are made easy and pleasant for the humblest tourist. This proves good all round. The weavers do a better trade, the hotels have prosperous seasons, and a far larger number of people gain health and happiness up here among the hills, with the sea or heather scented breezes fanning sun-brown cheeks.

Lodges. These are as full as ever, and invitations to join the parties in them as eagerly accepted. Motoring has vastly facilitated social intercourse between the guests. Moy Hall, where the Prince of Wales shoots with The Mackintosh, is an easy motor-run to Inverness and many a residence and lodge in its vicinity. It is exquisitely situated in the midst of pinewood, overlooking a loch—I had nearly written lake, which would have been must un-Scotch. All round, as far as eye can see, beyond a hill covered with pine-trees across the loch from the house, are moors no more practicable for cultivation than the more mountainous deer-forests. Through the pine-trees, like purple bands through a mass of green, are cleared spaces for shooting across and for bringing down the game. These are now heather-carpeted. Tulchan, where the Prince of Wales and the King shoot every year, is on a hillside over the Spey, and is within half-a-day's motor run of Moy Hall, and half a day also of Balmoral. Round it on all sides are moors and lochs and rivers. One of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's Lodges on Loch Moirlich is, I fancy, not accessible by motor, although the distance is nothing. The loch is up in the Cairngorms about fifteen hundred feet, and the road we took to it behind two strong horses would not be an easy one to motor.

Highland Dress. The Highland dress on men up here in its native element looks well, as it does nowhere else, not even in a Southern ball-room, where its picturesque effect is much appreciated. On the hills we do not have the fine effects of the bright colours in full-dress tartans. Kilts and plaids, when worn, are of the hunting tartans of the clans, in dull greys or blues or dark blues. The stockings are turned over with a band to match, and the coat is usually of tweed. Nothing looks better on the ladies of the land than short, narrow skirts of the tartans of their clans, with coats of the darker colour, and stitched tweed caps to match, with brims stiff enough to shade their eyes, and maybe a plaid clasp at the side for ornament.

Sassenach's Dress. The Saxon visitor rarely ventures on the tartan, because she is unprovided with a clan. It is a much less daring thing to wear a coronet without being a Countess than a real tartan without belonging to a clan—that is, up here.

Clan tartans are freely worn, especially by Americans and Parisians, in the South. On "Woman's Ways" page drawings will be found of a coat and of an evening dress suitable for inclusion in a Scotch hotel outfit. The coat is of blanket serge in dark fir-green, with revers of pale-green cloth. It is finished with big buttons of green cloth and with green braid. The dress is of soft white uncrushable satin, trimmed with embroidery of silver beads. In the evenings dress is very quiet. Light lingers long in the North, and many a woman throws her plaid round her dinner-gown and goes out for an after-dinner stroll, with the rush of the mountain river for her orchestra, and the many fresh scents of heather and hay and peat-smoke to inhale. It is quite extraordinary what strenuous lives quite frail-looking ladies live up here: all day long fishing from a boat on a loch, motoring twenty miles and playing thirty-six holes over an up-and-down golf-course, up early and out on the hills with the guns, watching the dogs work, off for long tramps by a stream or over treeless forests with never a thought of tiredness or faintness, or any feeling at all but quite enjoyable fatigue at bed-time.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is more like a typical Highland lady of olden time than a modern matron of high degree. Only sister to the young Countess of Cromartie, she is a true daughter of Scotland, and much of her life is spent in the wild, beautiful country which lies beyond Inverness. A splendid shot, a swimmer famed in two hemispheres, Lady Constance delights in outdoor sports and interests, and that although she is also a noted skirt-dancer and an amusing conversationalist.

The last of the many marriages this August was celebrated on Monday last (30th). The bride was Miss Margaret Joyce Wright, daughter of Mr. Frederick Wright, J.P., and Mrs. Wright, of Mount Hooton House, Nottingham; and the bridegroom Doctor David R. G. Corrigan, of Malahide, County Dublin.

The first September bridal will be that of Miss Isabel Masters, second daughter of the late Mr. T. J. Masters and Mrs. Masters, of Lanefay Hall, Llanfryd. Her bridegroom is Major G. N. Cartwright, Royal Field Artillery, elder son of Captain R. N. Cartwright, of Ixworth Abbey, Suffolk. The marriage takes place to-day (Sept. 1).

Miss Diana Churchill is cradled as a "red"; she is ruddy of skin and redder of hair. All mystics agree that there is more in colour than meets the eye; and, of course, there are not wanting relatives of the little lady who associate her hue with that of her father's politics. Little Radicals can be to the manner born; but little Conservatives cannot have blue locks, or be blue of flesh and live, but only be blue of eye. The red Diana may, however, change her colour almost as easily as a harvest moon. Nothing is more changeable than the colour of a baby, not even the colour of a politician!

In view of the aerial contests at Rheims, it is interesting to recall what the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., has done to encourage aviation this side of the Channel. They have offered a trophy, value £500, carrying with it a prize of £500, for the longest flight by a British aeropilot in this country, up to March 31, 1910; and the same amount has been offered each year for the next five years. If the trophy should not be won in any one year, the £500 endowed for that year is to be added to the sum of the year following. The Michelin Tyre Company are now manufacturing the sheeting used for aeroplanes. Latham's machine, in his great flight at Rheims last week, was fitted with Michelin sheeting.

Novel-readers will welcome the dainty thin-paper edition of Henry Seton Merriman's books which Messrs. Smith, Elder are producing, in fourteen volumes, at two shillings net each in cloth, and three shillings net in leather. They are to be published at the rate of one a week up to Nov. 17. We have received a copy of the first volume, "The Slave of the Lamp." Although it is quite a pocket size, the print is large and clear, and the whole format is excellent. It will doubtless determine many book-lovers to add the series to their shelves. An interesting preface, by "E. F. S. and S. G. T.", gives an outline of Merriman's literary career and methods, sufficient to make all readers regret his expressed wish that there should be no record of his private life, and his opinion that writers should be known only by their books. One can only remark that if all famous authors had been of that opinion the world would be a good deal duller than it is.



PRESENTED TO THE SOCIÉTÉ RURAL D'ARGENTINA.

The cup, which is of 18-carat gold, is a gift from Messes. José M. de Yriondo & Cia, Buenos Ayres, to the Société Rural d'Argentine. It is the work of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Ltd., 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; and 220, Regent Street, W.—[Photograph by Redding.]

with it a prize of £500, for the longest flight by a British aeropilot in this country, up to March 31, 1910; and the same amount has been offered each year for the next five years. If the trophy should not be won in any one year, the £500 endowed for that year is to be added to the sum of the year following. The Michelin Tyre Company are now manufacturing the sheeting used for aeroplanes. Latham's machine, in his great flight at Rheims last week, was fitted with Michelin sheeting.

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CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 8.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

WITH his face wind-tanned, and his eyes clear from battling with much summer rain, Our Stroller stepped briskly round the corner into Throgmorton Street. He had arrived at the docks that morning, and, after seeing his wife and other baggage safely stowed at a hotel, had strode down to the City to have a look round.

One or two men eyed him a little curiously, he thought. "I shan't put on a tourist suit when I come to this heathen land again," was his inward observation.

"I'm in favour of West Africans myself, and that's the solemn truth," said one man, as though he were delivering himself of an oracle.

"So am I," chimed in another; "but from all I can hear, it will take some time to build the bridge between development and dividends."

"What does that matter?" demanded a third, "so long as the public are content to aeroplane over the gap?"

"Talking common-sense, I take it you mean that the market will be good if the public come in and buy the shares?"

"That's obvious, of course. Well, I've laid in a few Ashanti Goldfields and a few Amalgamateds."

"Abbontiakoons are to be the Taquahs of the future, you know."

"There's an example of a mine you'll have to wait for. But of the lower-priced shares, I hear it very well spoken of."

Our Stroller had been moving along by a few inches at a time, and now found himself close to the Rhodesian Market.

There was a little bidding, more or less desultory, for United Rhodesia, Selukwe, and Globes, but the market was very languid.

"Northern Cops!" cried a dealer. "A hundred Northern Cops! Does any lady want to trade in a hun—"

"Oh, shut up," said a tired bystander. "Take your Northern Coppers home with you if you can't sell 'em out here. They're no good, anyway."

"Pooh! That's all you know about it," returned the jobber. "Northern Cops! A hundred Northern Cops anybody?"

"Boksburgs are one of the best Kaffirs, I think," our friend caught. "Boksburgs: you know the things. They reconstructed lately, and we deal in new shares for special settlement. Price is about 1½."

"I've a fancy for Eldorados myself," came the answer quietly. "At 3½ or thereabouts—"

"Same old tip. Still, I shouldn't be surprised if the insiders whacked them up a few shillings. And Banks will go with them."

"As a very fancy article, I have a strong partiality for Spassky Copper."

"What are they now?"

"Round about 2½. In a month or two, if all goes well, I'm bound to say I believe they will be standing much higher."

"A rotten market," said his friend, in which sentiment the other acquiesced, and linking arms, the pair disappeared into Oppenheim's.

Our Stroller went slowly down the street, and stopped just outside Shorter's Court to admire the cross on the top of St. Paul's Cathedral. Clear-cut against the westering light, it stood out nobly, so near and yet, in ways more than one, so far.

Our Stroller shook himself, as one who wakes from a reverie, and listened to the babel of voices up the Court.

"Goodness knows—not me," laughed a voice, in evident response to a demand as to the Yankee Market's future.

"Harriman's malingering," and again he laughed.

"Is it a good thing for any market to be so dependent upon a single man?"

"We get phases like that every few years. It's Harriman to-day; yesterday it was Morgan; to-morrow it will be somebody else."

"There's a good deal going to happen before the somebody else comes along."

"It's all good for trade," argued another.

"I'm not so altogether sure about that. And yet I suppose it does bring business. I don't like the inevitable slump, though."

"History will repeat itself in time, you bet."

"But Unions are worth 200 under present conditions; and if Steel pay 4 per cent., as they most likely will, who's to call them dear at 80?"

Our Stroller had gone too far into the Court. "What are Louisville? What are Louisville?" he heard everyone shouting. All of a sudden he found himself—how, he never understood—the centre of a noisy crowd. He turned to get out in one direction, but that was closed; in another, but escape was equally impossible. The shouting for Louisville had developed into a song, in which the words "Mein Vaterland" were the only ones distinguishable.

All at once a pushful arm caught his, dragged him out of the crowd, and hauled him into Throgmorton Street.

"There!" said his broker, breathless but triumphant. "Let that be a lesson to you never to go into Shorter's Court wearing a suit that you could play draughts or chess upon. Now we will go straight to a certain Embassy!"

MINING NOTES.

CITY DEEP.

Shareholders in the "City Deep" received last week the quarterly report for the three months ended June 30, 1909, which will tend to raise still higher their hopes as to what this Company will accomplish when crushing begins, about twelve months from now. Work during the three months was concentrated upon the Main Reef Leader, upon the course of which 4041 ft. were driven or raised, and the total ore developed on an assumed stoping width of 5 ft. was 328,090 tons, of an average value of 10·8 dwts. of gold. This raises the total payable ore developed in the mine up to June 30, 1909, to 1,201,891 tons, of an average value of 9·1 dwts., or, say, 37s. per ton, over an assumed stoping width of 66 in. If development can be pushed on at this rate, there will be 2½ million tons in reserve by the time milling commences. The most remarkable feature in the development of this mine has been the uniformity of payable gold contents. The mine is being opened up from two shafts 4400 ft. apart. From the end of the eighth level Drive West of No. 2 shaft to the end of the eighth level Drive East of No. 1 shaft is a distance of over 6000 ft., and over this distance the Main Reef Leader has been found payable throughout. Since the end of June these drives have been further extended, and connection has been made on the eighth level between the two shafts. It may be mentioned that the total length along the reef in the mine is about two miles. Driving on the ninth level was commenced in June in good grade ore. Two other important points are mentioned in this report to which attention should be drawn: The first is that an average of 213 sections of Main Reef sampled gave a value of 4·4 dwts. over 28·8 inches, and as there are only 18 inches of waste between the Main Reef and Main Reef Leader, there is reason to hope that in some parts of the mine the Main Reef will be profitably stoped along with the Main Reef Leader. The second has reference to the Power Supply, as to which it is stated that "arrangements have been made with the Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company to expedite the provision of electric power for the mine. It is consequently hoped that the Company will possibly be able to commence milling somewhat earlier than October 1910." The installation being erected comprises 200 stamps of the unprecedented weight of 2240 lb. each; these, with tube mills, are expected to crush 1,000,000 tons per annum. No doubt, later on, the milling capacity will be considerably increased. Working costs should be extremely low, as the Company will have the advantage of power from the Victoria Falls Company, and of all the latest labour-saving devices. The following were the working costs of three other Companies, whose quarterly reports were also issued last week: East Rand, 15s. 5d. per ton; Robinson, 12s. 4d. per ton; Village Deep, 18s. 6d. per ton. The working costs on the City Deep should certainly not exceed 15s. per ton at the start, and it is quite possible that a time will come when working costs can be brought down to 10s. per ton. Assuming an extraction of only 30s. per ton, there should therefore be a profit of £750,000 per annum to begin with, which will enable the company to pay 60 per cent. per annum in dividends. If developments continue as excellent as at present, these figures will no doubt be greatly exceeded in course of time. For those who can afford to wait eighteen months or more for a return on their capital I know of no better investment than this Company's shares, and I have little doubt than in two years' time they will be standing well over £7.

WESTRALIAN MINES.

The latest news from the Great Boulder Proprietary and Ivanhoe Mines has had a stimulating effect on the quotations for these shares, whose merits have been often emphasised in this column. The prospects of the Ivanhoe are especially bright, and even at 8½ the shares do not appear to be overvalued. The reserves in sight at the end of last year were calculated to afford a profit of £5 per share, and there are investments worth another £1 per share, so that by far the larger part of the price is represented by actual tangible assets. Q.

Saturday, August 28, 1909.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

(8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. B. H.—Your letter was answered on Aug. 27.

PHONETIC.—We don't think there is any likelihood of a slump in rubber this autumn; all your shares are worth holding.

JUMBO.—(1) An excellent exchange. You may, however, have to wait a bit before seeing much profit on the Randfontein South. (2) We do not hear well of the Company. (3) Would rather have Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia than the Consolidated shares—as a speculation, of course.

SYNTAX.—(1) You cannot expect to get 5 to 5½ per cent. with "absolute safety."

(2) Bank of Africa shares are a good investment, likely to improve substantially. There is a liability of £12 10s. per share. For the investment we would suggest Russian Railway 4½ per Cent. Bonds, Argentine Great Western Ordinary stock, Great Northern, Piccadilly and Brompton 4 per Cent Debenture, and Canadian Pacific 4 per Cent. Preference.

T. B.—Russian Railway 4½ per Cent. Bonds, Japanese 4 per Cents., Anglo-Argentine Tramways 4 per Cent. Debenture. See Note above as to City Deeps. Of dividend-paying Kaffirs we like Block "B," Eldorado, Gold Mines Investment.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Derby the following may go close: Devonshire Nursery, Sunshine; Breeders' St. Leger, Mat o' the Mint; Peveril of the Peak Plate, Mountain Apple; Friary Nursery, Sunbright. At Lewes, Dutch may win the Rothschild Plate, Irish Stew the Lewes Nursery, and Police Trap the Southdown Welter. These should go close at Kempton: September Nursery, Muretta; Waterloo Nursery, Fairlight; Breeders' Foal Plate, Yellow Slave; Earlsfield Handicap, Aubergine.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The White Prophet."
BY HALL CAINE.
(Heinemann.)

No village fair is complete without the topsy-turvy mirrors in which pleasure-seekers can observe themselves and their friends horribly translated into barrels and bean-poles. Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, "The White Prophet," bears just about as much resemblance to real life as the reflections in one of these distorting mirrors bear to their human models. If it were intended to be a grotesque, it would be capital fun, and no more to be said about it; but, so far as we know, Mr. Caine has not yet been discovered to possess a sense of humour, and it would be presumptuous to suppose that he has written "The White Prophet" with his tongue in his cheek, relying on the abysmal ignorance of the British public. On the other hand, it is waste of breath to thunder against the meretriciousness, the falsity, the colossal impudence of such a book as this, its author being sincere according to his light. He has probably no more idea of his own fatuousness than the little vulgar boy who chalks up ribaldries on a paling. He has been a novelist long enough to have found himself out if his nature permitted it; and since he continues to keep a solemn face, the critic who is tempted to take him seriously would be wise to hold his tongue. The best way to read "The White Prophet" is with a philosophical observation of it as one of the curious products of our own curious age, and so to proceed to enjoyment of its quaint conception of the manners and customs of the present rulers of Egypt. A great Pro-Consul, seen in Mr. Caine's mirror, drugs himself with power until he becomes an insensate tyrant; while the British Commander-in-Chief of the army of occupation, not to be beaten, exhibits himself as a lunatic in his private interview with a subordinate who disagrees with him. His voice "screams like a wild bird" as he tears the medals from the recalcitrant officer's tunic, draws his surrendered sword from its scabbard, and flings it, snapped across, at his feet. The General's beautiful daughter is the worthy offspring of her sire, for this is her idea of how to begin a love-letter, to whose "gay raiillery, passionate tenderness, and fierce earnestness" Mr. Caine thoughtfully draws our attention—

MISTER [mark the gay raiillery of that!], most glorious and respected, the illustrious Colonel Lord, owner of Serenity and Virtue—otherwise, my dear old Gordon . . . here I am, in my best bib and tucker, wearing the crown of pink blossom which my own particular Sultan says suits my gipsy hair—

And so on, and so on, until her gamesomeness—or perhaps it is her fierce earnestness by this time—works itself off in a P.P.S.—

IMPORTANT.—*Smash the Mahdi!*

Another ornament of the same group is Sir Reginald Manning,

the Sirdar, who enters a drawing-room on returning from a sham fight with the gallant greeting to a brother-officer: "Splendid, my boy! Not forgotten your first fight, I see! Heavens, I felt as if I were back at Omdurman and wanted to get at the demons again." This, of course, is exactly the sort of "gay raiillery" in which the British officer delights, and we, who have not, perhaps, had the privilege of meeting a live Sirdar, are grateful to Mr. Hall Caine for the thumbnail study of him. No one, if Englishmen habitually capered in the distracting fashion of the officials in "The White Prophet," would be able any longer to accuse us of refusing to contribute to the gaiety of nations—and here the disturbing thought arises of the impression the conscientious foreigner, reading for instruction and enlightenment, would get if he were to take Mr. Hall Caine at his own valuation. But these are the things that don't bear thinking about, for that way madness lies.

"The Search Party."

BY GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.
(Methuen.)

Mr. George A. Birmingham, encouraged, no doubt, by the deserved success of "Spanish Gold," has written another novel in the same pleasant vein of light comedy. "The Search Party" is excellent fooling, all the more so because his characters are, without exception,

true to type, and retain their verisimilitude in circumstances that the author does not hesitate to make frankly absurd. People in novels have disappeared voluntarily before, but the disappearance of Dr. O'Grady, followed by a villager, two members of Parliament, and two policemen, is surely the most delightful of its kind. There is a deal of truth in Mr. Birmingham's delineation of the Anglo-Saxon in Ireland—quite a different person, as he observes, from the Anglo-Saxon on the other side of St. George's Channel.

"Love, the Thief." The rumour that Miss Helen Mathers intends to give up writing has been happily contradicted.

(S. Paul.)

Novelists who can write light fiction with her easy touch are not so plentiful that we can afford to spare her. Her new book "Love, the Thief," has a good, substantial mystery plot, and plenty of humour and pathos into the bargain. She has a certain touch with the young girl that more ambitious writers might well envy. She knows her in storm and sunshine, dipping into adversity and soaring out of it, and she captures for her the sympathy of her readers, old and young. And this is as it should be, for young girls do not always get justice in the world we live in; and since Byron calumniated the bread-and-butter Miss, mature people have been sometimes caught looking down their noses at her. Let them read about Kit Mallory, and they will love her instead.